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## The 3-Second Coffee

The Australian Women's Weekly — August 28, 1948

# Love is Lightning

By WHITIN BADGER

**T**HERE he was, sitting nonchalantly on a sapphire sofa in the Valeska salon. Pam had not seen Douglas Weyland for over two years, but he was just as long and lean and diabolical as ever.

"Pamela Heyward!" he said, getting up and coming towards her. "Pam! It's good to see you."

If he felt any triumph because Neil was marrying somebody else he had the decency not to show it.

"Hello, Doug." She gave him her hand and smiled cordially. "You're looking very well."

And suppose it had been Doug that she loved, she thought, Doug instead of Neil all these years.

"What on earth are you doing here?" she asked lightly. "I know you're to be an usher at Neil's wedding, but don't tell me Valeska's dreaming up something special for you to wear."

But lightness was not going to work. Although he was smiling, his eyes were grave and steady.

"I'm buying a present for someone," he said. "How about you?"

"Oh, just checking up on things." She waved a hand airily, determined to be light and casual even if he refused to play up. "The bridesmaids' dresses. And Aunt Edith thinks her gown should trail another two feet."

Douglas smiled cynically. "So Neil's Aunt Edith is running the whole show. But of course she would. But why does the bride let her get away with it?"

"Muriel hasn't anything or anybody. With only a small spot in that new musical show, I suppose she has to spend whatever she gets. So Aunt Edith's doing it all for her and Neil."

"Which means you're doing all the work. Good heavens, Pam! Can't you even let him get married without holding his hand and dressing his bride?"

But she was not going to let him sting her into anger. "As Aunt Edith's secretary-companion," she said quietly, "I have to do most of the chores."

"Chores my elbow!" Doug said. "I'll bet you're going at it as if it were your own wedding." His voice had the old edge, the old driving, whipping power which had infuriated her years ago. In another moment she would have flared into anger or burst into tears, but just then Valeska herself came in.

"Now, Mr. Weyland," Valeska said, "I believe you are next. What's it going to be—this time?"

"Don't give me away like that!" Doug grinned at her. "This time I want a wedding present. For Muriel Morrie."

"You know Muriel?" Pam asked. "Vaguely. I was engaged to her for a while. Don't ask me why. But I introduced Neil to her, and she decided he's a better bet."

"I assume," said Valeska, "that you never told her the extent of your income. But Mr. Neil Bracken is rich enough." Her eyes grew thoughtful. "What did you have in mind for your present?"

"A negligee," Doug said promptly. "Really, Doug!" said Pam.

"I think it's very suitable," said Valeska. "How about cream-pearl chiffon and white fur?"

"Fine," said Doug. "Terrible," said Pam.

"Don't be a dope, she'll love it."

"Please, Mr. Weyland," Valeska protested, "stop stabbing Miss Heyward with your eyes and run along. She has a heavy heart and nothing to wear at the wedding."

"What!" Doug turned on Pam. "You mean you're just going to wear your old black? You're

just going to tuck a nice stale frill of old lace in the neck and make it do?"

"Exactly."

"Because it doesn't matter what you wear. Because nobody will look at you anyway. Pam, it's just like one of those awful books you used to read all day. You read them by the ton."

"And you snatched them away, and read them aloud and mocked them. Yes, I remember. You were awfully smart."

"I was rotten," he said, his voice no longer jeering.

"Excuse me," Valeska murmured tactfully, and drifted away.

Pam got up. She wasn't going to tell Douglas Weyland that she couldn't afford a gown for the wedding, that as soon as Neil was married she was going to leave Aunt Edith and would need what little money she had saved.

"You weren't rotten at all," she said politely. "That is, no more so than any other little boy. Or big boy. And, of course, that isn't true. Any of it. Because you've always been quite the nastiest person I've ever known, and I can't think why I've always spent so much time wrangling with you."

"I'm sorry you're so unhappy," he said quickly. And then he turned and walked out of Valeska's salon without looking back.

Pam didn't remember that as she drove out to Brackensville in Aunt Edith's limousine. She sat huddled in a corner, remembering only Douglas' scathing comments on the wedding.

Someone had to make it beautiful for Neil. Muriel couldn't, and Aunt Edith, in her glittery well-meaning way, would have turned the whole thing into a circus. But Douglas was right. She was making it beautiful for herself, too.

From the beginning she had pretended that it was her own. She had always dreamed of being married in June, for she knew that Neil, too, had a romantic feeling for that month. He would be married in one of Aunt Edith's greenhouses, with ferns and palms and all the roses the gardeners could force. She would make it as perfect as she could for him and then she would go away.

The Bracken house stood outside the little town of Brackensville, a huge pile of stone set on a knoll, as far as possible from the shoe factory which had built it. The car swung through the gates and up the curving drive to the broad low steps.

Pam found Aunt Edith at her cluttered desk in the library holding a thick fold of papers in her jewelled hands.

"Dear Pam," she exclaimed, "you look positively exhausted! Was Valeska in a black mood?"

"Valeska was in great form," Pam said.

"Did you find a gown for yourself?"

"I didn't look."

"But, Pam, I'd love to give it to you."

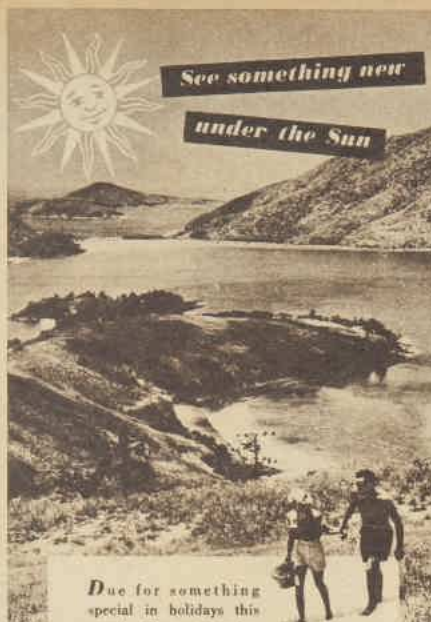
"Thanks, darling, but I really don't want one."

Please turn to page 4

"Why do you think I came back here?" Doug asked quietly. "It certainly wasn't to see Neil marry Muriel."

The Australian Women's Weekly, August 25, 1938, —Page 3

Wynne Davies



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PAM looked down at the nervous, wiry little woman affectionately, but also with some apprehension, for she knew that Aunt Edith, who always did or said what she wanted to when an idea struck her, was about to spring one of her surprises.

"Well, here is something you simply can't refuse," Aunt Edith said breathlessly, waving the folded papers. "I'm giving you the cottage in the mountains. Here's the deed for it, dear. The lawyers were here to-day about the settlement for Muriel, and I had them draw it up. You have only to sign and it's yours."

"You darling!" Tears stung Pam's eyes as she bent down to kiss Aunt Edith.

"No, no, don't thank me," said Aunt Edith quickly. "You've always been so fond of the place, and it's really too cold for me now that I'm old. And I want you to have something. Now run along and dress for dinner."

Pam went up the long winding stairs holding the deed tightly in her hand. Here was just what she had been longing for; a place to go, a place of her own.

She could build a roaring fire in the living-room and sit there alone, and somehow adjust herself to a life without Neil.

As she went down to dinner she was already planning which clothes she would take to the cottage and which must be stored. She found Aunt Edith alone in the big dining-room. Neil was staying in town, seeing Muriel's show again, probably for the twentieth time.

"Someone telephoned," Aunt Edith said brightly. "A voice from our past. You'll never guess."

"Doug Weyland," Pam said promptly. "I saw him at Valeska's."

"And you never mentioned it!"

"I haven't been thinking of him."

"Is he still so handsome?" Aunt Edith sounded sentimental.

"I've never thought of him as handsome," Pam answered coolly.

"Really? So lean and tall. And such a wonderful brain. Well, anyway, I've asked him here for the week-end and the wedding, of course."

"How nice," Pam managed to say. But Doug here, watching her, analysing her, probing her mind and heart would be almost more than she could bear.

Pam spent the next days with her hands full of lists, trailing after Aunt Edith. The caterers, the gardeners, and the telephone haunted her, and there were all the wedding presents to be unpacked and placed to advantage in the billiard-room.

The gowns arrived in Valeska's famous boxes of shiny egg-plant color, lettered in thick white. She had them taken up to Muriel's room where she unpacked them alone. The bridesmaid's dresses were summer clouds in pale twilight colors.

The wedding dress shimmered and whispered as she held it up; white lace over cream taffeta; tightly fitted, but flaring out to the floor, sweeping back into a long train.

Pam held the gown against her, looking into the full-length mirror. It was her gown. It was too theatrical, but it was really her gown. And in it she would not look like an embryo stage star who was marrying for money and prestige; she would look like a woman who was offering her whole life to the man she loved.

She hung the gown carefully on a high hook and covered it, and then started downstairs. Just at the curve in the stairs she heard the butler's voice.

"I believe Miss Bracken was not expecting you until to-morrow, Mr. Weyland. We are, of course, very pleased that you have arrived earlier."

Are we, indeed? Pam thought, and, wheeling swiftly on the stairs, went up to her room. She could not bear to sit with him at dinner, watching his lean sardonic smile, feeling his grey eyes boring into her.

She had something sent up on a tray, she hardly knew what, for she ate very little of it. There was

## Love Is Lightning

Continued from page 3

a restlessness upon her which made her walk about aimlessly.

Something shiny caught her eye. On the luggage rack behind the door lay another of Valeska's gleaming boxes. Perhaps one of the maids had brought it in here by mistake, and yet none of the bridal things had been missing.

She was about to open the box when she heard a car outside and went quickly to the window.

The car came roaring up the curving drive and stopped short before the house. Neil got out and then strode round to open the other door of the car.

Muriel got out laughing. All in black with a nimbus of soft black fur about her head and shoulders; even in the dim light from the house she looked warm and golden.

Well, here they all were, all in the same house again, and for the last time. Neil and Pam and Doug, and a strange girl. And that was in keeping. Neil had always had another girl, while Pam waited and hoped, sure that in the end, when he finally grew up, he would turn to her.

She saw them all as children. Neil, the handsome boy, spoiled by Aunt Edith. Pam, the only child of the ageing village doctor, and Doug, the skinny, shuffling boy, who taught them to ride his father's

erably she went to bed and fought against crying until at last she fell asleep.

In the morning, while the others slept, she worked over a hundred details with Aunt Edith. Immediately after lunch she went down through the bleak gardens to the greenhouse.

Here it was summer. Someone had turned on the soft floodlights which blotted out the greyness of the day. Chairs had been set in two sections, leaving a broad centre aisle. She walked down a long strip of green carpet into a rose garden.

Palms and ferns were banked up against the glass walls, dense and green as a shrubbery. The roses, with trailing ivy masking their pots, spread along in a thick border and formed a wide circle around the little altar where white lilies pushed up through maidenhair ferns.

"Very beautiful," Doug's voice said quietly. "Right out of Hollywood and completely unreal. But still very beautiful."

"Thank you so much." She turned towards him coolly.

"Take it easy, I'm a friend. I was hoping you'd come down last night."

"I was tired."

"You were hiding. The way you always used to run away and hide when things got too tough for you. When Neil turned his back, and I sneered too hard."

Without answering, she sat down in the front row of chairs. Picking up a broad bolt of white satin ribbon she began to make bow knots for each seat on the centre aisle.

"But I'm not sneering now," he said. "I'm a lot nicer than I used to be."

"I hope so."

Her fingers worked skillfully. He picked up the shears and cut the ribbon for her.

"Why do you think I came back here?" he asked her quietly. "Just to see Neil marry Muriel? I wouldn't give a darn if I never saw them again."

"Then why?"

"Because I knew you'd be here, and I remembered you so well."

"Yes," she said bitterly. "Did you remember the ugly child or the gawky schoolgirl?"

"I remembered you. What you are like. The way you always tried to tell the truth, even when you didn't know what it was. And the way you were always so loyal, even when we hurt you."

"Let's not be romantic about the past," she said coldly. "I've always hated you, and you've always thought me an awful fool, and you never thought Neil was worth it."

"What's that got to do with it? Do you think anybody loves just the ones who are worthy? But this was always the wrong kind of love, anyway."

She yanked angrily at the smooth ribbon. "When we were growing up you always knew all about everything. And now you're an authority on love."

"Not yet, I'm still learning. You see, up to now I've always fallen in love the hard way."

"Is there any easy way?"

After a moment he said quietly, "Love should be lightning. Pam. Not just an old emotional habit that grinds along and wears you down. You'll be walking along some day and all of a sudden your heart will turn over and you'll say to yourself, 'There's my man.' And you won't bother about his background or his income, or try to link him up with your memories of when you were a child."

"You're talking like an idiot," she said crossly. "Like a romantic idiot. It doesn't happen once in a thousand times."

"Well, you asked me for an easy way to fall in love. That's the easiest I know. And the best, if it happens to work both ways."



"You think Louie takes it tying down? He's back in the ring! Left hook! Right cross! Left hook! Right cross! Walcott is groggy!"

horses, taunted them into swimming, and firing his rifles.

How she hated him. For Neil followed Doug, and Pam followed Neil. Her feet and her eyes and her heart followed him everywhere. After her father died, she came here to work for Aunt Edith, just to be near him.

But there was no use in moping here alone, and of course everybody knew she was up here moping. Better go down. As she turned from the window, she remembered that extra box.

She picked it up and saw that it was addressed to her. She opened it quickly.

The satin gown rippled from the box like shining water. It was pale gold, almost white. It was cut in Greek style, the top like a Spartan boy's tunic with one shoulder entirely bare. The rest fell straight to the floor in full gleaming folds.

There was nothing to it, no ornament of any kind. Just the magnificent line, the beautiful material, the wonderful color. And a note in Valeska's strong, thin hand.

"Dear Pam.—This is the gown for you. But your hair must be worn in Grecian style, up and out at the back, with every curl exact. And the white skin must be dazzling. Although uninvited, I have decided to lend my presence to the wedding, so I shall be there to supervise you.—V.V."

Yes, it was the perfect gown, and very sweet of Valeska, although, after all the profit from the wedding, she could certainly afford to make such a beautiful gift. But why wear it? Who would care whether Pamela Heyward looked like a model or the housekeeper?

She packed the gown away. Mis-

Please turn to page 10

# I'm a Stranger in Town Myself

**Q**UIET, unassuming MARTIN VINCENT runs straight into trouble when he reaches New York from Porthaven School for Boys, where he is history master.

DR. FISHER, Porthaven headmaster, has sent Martin to New York, nominally to deliver an address to the Historical Verification Association, but actually to induce its president, BARTON DUFF, to give Porthaven a large donation.

As his first worry Martin can get a hotel room only through the connivance of CHARLIE SAVAGE, a bellhop who installs him in a suite permanently rented by the now absent BARNEY DRISCOLL.

Despite various hazards, and a depressing forecast by Barton Duff's secretary, MARY EDMONDS, Martin acquits himself well with his address, but when Barton Duff asks for a personal chat in Martin's room after the address, trouble descends heavily.

As Barton Duff enters the room, MADELINE PETIT, who had struck up an acquaintance with Martin, emerges from the bathroom wrapped only in a towel. A stranger who had been shadowing Martin photographs her and Duff, and into the confusion there arrives Barney Driscoll, returned unexpectedly.

Now read on:—

**F**OR Martin, the situation was completely overwhelming. Madeleine Petit vanished into the bedroom with a flick of the bath towel, but there was no convenient exit for Martin. He was trapped.

"Mr. Vincent," said Barton Duff, "do you mean to say this isn't your room?"

"It's my room," the man in the doorway said. "I'm Barney Driscoll. What goes on?"

Barton Duff faced the door. "Barney Driscoll, did you say? I know you, Driscoll."

"I don't know you," Driscoll said. His brown eyes moved thoughtfully from Barton Duff to Martin and back again to Mr. Duff.

"I'm Barton Duff," said Mr. Duff, with the confidence of a man who had made his name important. "You may remember our correspondence. I wrote you about the very serious historical errors you made in your last picture. Any student of history knows that..."

"I remember," said Barney Driscoll. "Another time, Mr. Duff." He turned to Martin. "What is all this? Did you bring these people up to my room?"

"It was a mistake, Mr. Driscoll," Martin said. "I mean, it's some kind of mix-up. I can explain it."

"Just who are you?"

"My name is Martin Vincent. I'm an instructor at the Porthaven School for Boys. Mr. Duff can identify me."

"That's who he says he is," said Barton Duff, with a shrug of his massive shoulders and a cold glance at Martin.

Barney Driscoll dropped into a chair and lighted a cigarette, without taking his eyes off Martin. "Okay, who's the babe?"

Martin swallowed. There was an ominous hush in the room, and Barton Duff's bald head reflected an angry beam of light from a lamp.

"I don't understand what's happened," Martin said. "I ran into her down in the bar this afternoon. She had forgotten her pocket-book and I lent her five dollars. To tell you the truth, she thought I was you, Mr. Driscoll."

"What gave her that idea?"

"You see," Martin explained, "I told her to return the money to me here, and since it was your room I

told her to put your name on the envelope. But she brought it up in person, and when I left here to go down to make my speech I left her here. She was having a cocktail then. She wasn't taking a bath."

"Okay," Driscoll said. "But how did you get in my room?"

Martin glanced towards the door. Charlie Savage had disappeared. He said miserably, "I couldn't get a room in the hotel, and a bellhop put me in here. He charged me ten dollars for the night. He said he did it all the time, and just to walk up and ask for the key. That's what I did."

"You mean a bellhop's been renting out my suite?" Barney Driscoll demanded. "Why, the chiseller! Who is he?"

For no good reason except that he was collecting trouble, not spreading it around, Martin protected Charlie Savage.

"I don't know," he said. "Just one of the bellhops."

"Never mind all that," Barton Duff broke in impatiently. "I want to know who took that photograph, Mr. Vincent, you said you knew who he was."

"I saw a man with a camera running along the hall," Martin said. "A little man in a shabby suit. You'd know him by his eyes. Bright blue. You see, Mr. Duff, this afternoon he was following me. He was at the desk when I got the key to this room, and every time I turned round he popped up."

"Why should he follow you?" Mr. Duff demanded. "Who is he?"

"I don't know who he is."

Barton Duff snorted, but Driscoll settled back in his chair. There was a faint smile on his lips, and he turned his head and called, "Hey, you?" He waited an instant, called again, "Come on out here. You've had time to get dressed."

The bedroom door opened slowly and Madeleine Petit appeared, her eyes downcast. Driscoll said, "All right, give out."

"Give out?" said Madeleine. "What does this mean, give out?"

"It means explain what you're up to."

"It is I who should have the explanation," Madeleine said, and lifted her chin. "All this I do not understand. This man tells me he is Mr. Driscoll and invites me to his room." She looked reproachfully at Martin. "Why do you do such a thing? I have been most embarrassed."

"What do you expect, running round in a bath towel?" Driscoll said. "What's the idea? Do you generally take a bath when you go visiting?"

Madeleine spread her hands, and her wide smile returned. "I have had so many cocktails. I feel, what you call, giddy, and I take a bath," she explained. "I am just out from the tub when this old man walks in. I do not understand it."

"A peculiar time you pick to take a bath," Martin said. "And a peculiar place."

"A bathroom is a peculiar place to take a bath?" Madeleine looked at him and laughed.

"This is beside the point," Mr. Duff said brusquely. "Young woman, who was the man with the camera? Why was he taking photographs?"

Her eyes were round. "But I don't know. Suddenly it goes poff, poff, and is very bright, and a man runs out from the door, then everybody is making big noise."

Martin said, "You know a little man with blue eyes?"

She looked at him in surprise. "But, of course. Who does not know a man with blue eyes? Ba-bee, your eyes are blue."

Barton Duff said crisply, "I've heard enough of this." He jerked his head towards Barney Driscoll.

"The whole thing has been expertly rehearsed. It shows the hand of a



Martin just stood there, quite at a loss under the girl's cold scrutiny.

first-class director, Mr. Driscoll, and now I'm going home."

Driscoll said mildly, "All right, Mr. Duff."

Barton Duff started for the door and Martin called, "Just a moment, Mr. Duff. Please." But Barton Duff strode on out the door without a backward glance.

Martin fumbled for a cigarette. The damage was done now. Whatever impression he had made on Mr. Duff had been dissipated altogether. His mission was a failure, and Martin felt relieved that the tension was ended.

But he was puzzled. What had happened in this hotel room made no sense at all.

"Mr. Driscoll, this is all beyond me," he said. "I don't get it."

"I think I get it," said Driscoll. "The little lady hasn't told us all her story. Such as who hired her, for instance."

**By EDWIN LANHAM**

"Hired me?" said Madeleine.

"What do you mean?"

"You didn't run out of money in the bar just by chance," Driscoll said. "You thought this guy was me, and you figured out a way to get acquainted, didn't you?"

Madeleine flushed, and spread her hands. "You have found my secret. It is true, you see, I am French. An actress. I have just come to this country, and I wish to know you, I think perhaps you can give me a chance. Get me into pectures."

She smiled engagingly. "So I make the inquiry, and I find you live here in room 1207. I am by the desk, and I hear this gentleman ask for your key, so I think he is you, and I make a plan to meet him. I pretend I am in the bar without no money. That is true. Is it so bad?"

"I didn't see you by the desk when I asked for the key," Martin said.

"But I saw you," said Madeleine.

She had talked glibly, but Martin thought her grey eyes seemed wary. Barney Driscoll stretched out his legs and crossed his feet. He asked lazily, "Where did you play in Paris?"

"Paris?" said Madeleine. "Did I say Paris? Well, I speak frank. I am in one little bit pecture. I show you some stills I have down in my room."

Driscoll said, "So you're staying in the hotel?"

"Yes. Room 1110." Madeleine picked up her handbag. "I think I go now."

"Go ahead," said Barney Driscoll, and looked at Martin. "But I want you to stick around. I want to talk to you."

After the door had closed behind Madeleine, Driscoll wandered over to the bar. He asked, over his shoulder, "Have a drink?"

Martin shook his head. "I've had too much already."

Driscoll filled a liqueur glass and returned to his chair.

"You know," he said softly, "you did me a big favor. That dame doesn't want to get in pictures. She just wanted to frame me. That's how it looks to me. But you stepped in and they thought you were me and they tried to put the frame on you instead."

"Why should they want to frame you?"

"I have a wife," Driscoll said, "and I have dough." He sipped the liqueur.

"I beat one divorcee suit, but I've been expecting her to try again. We got a separation agreement, but she's not satisfied. She wants a divorce and a big settlement, and let me tell you, the little woman gets what she goes after. It was a pretty smart frame."

"Pretty obvious, I'd say," said

Martin. "It would be easy to prove it was a frame."

"Would it? I don't think so. That gag about the girl in your room was only taking a bath is stale. It's been used too often, and if my wife went to court with pictures of me and the little French girl just in from Paris, I wouldn't have a prayer. And if I try to bring pressure on the girl, she can play innocent."

"That's why I didn't call the house dick in. She can claim that she had too much to drink and was taking a bath. And the guy with the camera—I suppose he's a private eye—he can claim he was hired to tail me and saw the girl go in my room and sneaked in and took a picture, and that's all he knows about it."

He nodded. "Yeah, you saved my neck this time. I suppose they were watching for me to get my room key, knowing I was coming in from the coast, and when you stepped up and asked for the key they thought you were me." He inspected Martin.

"We're the same build. Yeah, you know, we look alike, except I part my hair in the middle."

"And we dress differently," Martin said.

"Yeah," said Driscoll. "I never wore a tie like that."

"What's wrong with this tie?" Martin fingered the knot of the plain grey tie.

"Well, you know, it's too timid. I like a tie with confidence. Something that will catch the eye."

"Still, we do look something alike," Martin said. "Are you in the movies?"

"I'm a producer," Driscoll said stiffly.

"I wouldn't mind looking like a movie star," Martin said thoughtfully. "I don't know about a producer."

Please turn to page 13



*For young men of all ages!*

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September 5<sup>th</sup>*

# HEADS I WIN...

**S**ITTING in his high-backed leather chair, comfortably moulded to his big frame by endless hours of board meetings, Ernest Clark sat and waited for the sun to shine through the south-west window and hit old Harkin's bald spot.

Ernest knew very well that he should be paying closer attention to the ceremony of his farewell appearance as founder and managing director of Clark and Company. On his right, his successor, wearing the proper blend of modesty and aggressiveness on a somewhat undistinguished face, sat taking in every detail of the procedure.

It was nearly over.

Fellow directors in turn had paid eloquent tribute to Ernest's qualities and abilities. The foreman of the factory had said he wished there were more men in management like Ernest Clark. Heads of other departments had poured lavish eulogy upon the managing director's head.

Soon Ernest would respond. His speech, he knew, would follow a pattern, like such responses did, inevitably, on occasions like these. His sincerity would not be doubted, he hoped. He would be sincere in expressing his appreciation for all their fine team work which after all had made it possible for him to retire at a time when life could give him so many things he had not yet had time to enjoy to the full.

Yet he knew he would express all this in trite, conventional phrases, and conclude with the good old ringing call for "more and better Clark electrical equipment."

It was all somewhat like a beloved phonograph record that had been played too often.

"Everybody said that Ernest Clark would go crazy after a month of idleness and start something new."

"They are right about the 'something new,'" Ernest thought. "I'm determined on a new life, and I'll embark on it as soon as this day is over. There'll be new places, new faces, the new boat—a thousand things to share with Thelma, who has waited so patiently, and dreamed about them even more than I have."

Ernest had no quarrel with life, no regrets. He had always done exactly what he wanted to do, which was work like a dog, making and marketing good electrical appliances at a profit.

Setting his life in order for retirement had been easy because it was an orderly life directed by a clear and disciplined mind. When he walked out of the board-room to-day he would file his career under finished business.

On the personal agenda of Ernest Clark, however, one item remained. That one nagging little item had been pricking his conscience ever since he and Frank Ogden had tossed a coin to settle who would buy the other out and take over the business of Clark & Ogden.

Thinking about Frank, Ernest missed the gleam of sunshine on the chairman's bald spot and scarcely heard his own speech.

As he eventually came out of the Clark Building to get into his car, the strongest reminder he carried of his entire farewell ceremony was a right hand sore from being wrung, and—oh, yes—the testimonial platinum watch.

Ernest drove thoughtfully in the direction of his home, and then after half an hour's drive he ignored the turn-off that led to his own home and Thelma, and kept on going. He knew where Frank lived. He had made it his business, as the years passed, to keep a check on Frank's movements and progress.

Now he knew Frank was a teacher of physics in one of the largest high schools. He had a wife named Margery, one married daughter, two grandchildren, a reasonably good

## Complete short story

salary, and some income from investment, and a research laboratory over the garage that housed his 1939 car.

He spent his spare time in the laboratory or writing textbooks.

Knowing all this had made Ernest feel better. Funny youngsters, he thought, driving smoothly along. At technical college, he and Frank had been all fire and flame about electrical engineering, complementing each other so perfectly that later on their partnership had been a matter of course.

The trouble began when one of their experiments turned out so well it promised to be valuable.

After that they continued to be friends in the laboratory. But the moment they sat down at a desk, in their own or anybody else's office, they became enemies.

They couldn't see eye to eye on production, marketing, or any of the business details that mattered. Deals fell through, leaving them discouraged.

Frank said he would just pull out, sell out—anything—but Ernest could not accept such a sacrifice. They tossed a coin.

They had always tossed a coin, to decide who would take Margery to the dance, or who would go down to the corner for a paper. Frank always tossed it and Ernest invariably called heads.

On the toss that parted them, Ernest called heads and won. With his share of the partnership Frank married Margery, and had a trip to Europe.

The Ogdens' old house was beautiful in the sunset. As he got out of the car and came towards it, Ernest paused a moment still deep in thought, studying the picture before him. It was a picture of quiet domestic happiness, with Frank raking leaves inside the fence, and Margery, placid and motherly, tending a small fire and watching the smoke spiral lazily in the gentle breeze.

Turning suddenly, Frank saw the visitor. At once he dropped his rake, and as he hurried forward Ernest saw that he had put on weight.

"Well, well, this is fine," Frank said. "We read about you in the paper, Ernest. You're not retiring because you're ill, I hope." His voice had a note of true concern.

Ernest hastened to say "no," and found himself talking fully of his future plans, hoping there was no hint of boasting in what he said.

He felt reassured about this when he glanced at them both. They had the look of happy people delighting in the good fortune of others.

"But we mustn't let you stand here like this," Margery said, as she turned to go into the house.

"Still Scotch and water, Ernest?" she called back over her shoulder.

It was warm and friendly inside. They sat talking with the deep interest and intimacy of old acquaintance. Frank said that he was due

for leave of absence, and he and Margery were thinking about a trip. Ernest described the new boat.

It had grown dark as they sat over their drinks. When Margery left them to see to the dinner, Ernest despaired of broaching the subject that had brought him to this peaceful place.

It didn't seem to fit. Better after all just to leave things as they were.

As he stood up to leave, Frank protested. "But Margery expects you to stay to dinner. Please do."

Ernest hesitated. "I shouldn't," he said. "My wife is expecting me, too."

With a flicker of the old familiar smile, Frank pulled a coin from his pocket. "You call it, Ernest," he said.

Ernest Clark shook his head. "Never again, Frank, not with you."

The two men looked at each other gravely. Ernest said carefully, "Frank, there's something on my mind. I've never felt right about that toss that gave me the business."

Frank Ogden reached out a pro-

testing hand and started to speak, but Ernest interrupted him.

"No, let me finish," he said firmly. "I've got to set this right. I can't rest until I do. You lost the business on a fair toss, Frank, but it wasn't my fault; it was fair."

Frank said, quietly, "Go on, Ernest."

Ernest forced himself to look his old friend straight in the eyes.

"Do you remember," he said, "that I tried to hand you a coin from my pocket for that toss?"

"I remember."

"And you wouldn't take it?"

"That's right," Frank Ogden said.

"Well, Frank, the coin I tried to give you was crooked, heads on both sides. I bought it just for that toss. When you refused it I tell you I sweated blood. I called heads and won, but, believe me, Frank, I've sweated blood since to think that I was prepared to cheat over such a thing."

He gave a rueful shrug. "If it's any consolation, I can just say that that toss made a better man of me,

Frank. It pulled me up with a round turn to realise how close a man can come."

Frank Ogden was silent. Ernest gave a deep sigh, as if he had put down a burden. The silence lengthened between them.

It was Ernest who broke it at length. "You're shocked, aren't you, Frank? I'd like to make it up to you somehow, anything you name. After all the business made thousands for me. And you haven't hit the jackpot. I know—not in money."

Frank Ogden said at length, "No, I'm not shocked. I was just thinking—about honesty, and men, and what they will do to get what they want."

Ernest said, "I wish you'd let me make it up to you."

Frank shook his head. "You don't owe me a thing," he said, and it was obvious from the tone that he spoke sincerely. "As it turned out, we both got exactly what we wanted. I wouldn't swap my life for all your money. We're both perfectly happy."

Ernest put out his hand. The other man shook it warmly.

"I'm glad I came," Ernest said. "Now I can go home to Thelma." As he

walked to his car he was whistling.

Frank Ogden went indoors. "Margery," he called, "where's my lucky coin?"

Margery answered from the kitchen. "In the desk, dear, the top right-hand shelf."

When Frank found the coin he turned it over and over in his hand, lovingly. He had been tempted to show it to Ernest.

Ernest Clark had always been such a bullheaded old son of a gun, so incapable of understanding that his partner really loved research, hated the business, and wanted nothing in life but Margery and science and a laboratory.

No, it had to be Ernest's way, a toss of a coin and Frank stuck for life perhaps with the Clark & Ogden electrical business.

Frank studied his lucky coin, the beautiful illegal, counterfeit penny with heads on both sides, the coin he had bought to make sure that two men would win.

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Ernest stood for a moment gazing quietly at the scene before him.



● For a three-quarter-length coat, dipping at the back where it falls into broad folds, Jacques Griffe uses fawn woollen weave. He makes it with a casual turn-back collar and balloon sleeves. It is lined with a bold tartan weave.

+ + +

● The loose grey flannel coat at right, with wide sleeves turned back to the elbow or worn full-length, is designed by Mad. Carpentier to wear with her grey, green, and yellow wool jersey frock. It is held with one button at neck.

+ + +

● Orange woollen weave with a rough surface is used, above right, by Lelong to make a very full coat caught in at the waist with a belt of itself. It turns back into a wide roll collar with lapels right to hemline and has no buttons.



*Paris  
Coats  
in our  
Parades*



ONE of the most revolutionary changes in this year's fashions is in topcoats, and several styles favored by Parisian designers are shown here. They vary from the very tailored line of Worth to Lanvin's red coat with its voluminous folds. All these coats, and the Molyneux model on our cover, are in the collection selected by fashion editor Mrs. Mary Hordern for our Paris Fashion Parades.

● In this topcoat Jeanne Lanvin shows the trend for great fullness. The coat swings free from the shoulders and falls in a straight line in front. It has turn-back cuffs on the very wide sleeves and an unpadded shoulder-line.

+ + +

● Softly falling red wool jersey frock, at left, by Gres, is covered by a full-length navy-blue coat made with batwing sleeves and an unusual cowl collar. From a fitted waist it falls into loose, full folds making a most graceful skirt.

+ + +

● One version of the tailored coat is shown, above left. It is made in light blue woollen weave and comes from Worth. The deep pocket flaps, huge buttons, and a wide tailored belt give it extreme smartness. Skirt is moderately full.



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PAM felt his eyes on her. But before she could think of anything to say, the rear door of the greenhouse opened and they heard Aunt Edith chattering at the head gardener.

"Now, Doyle," she was saying, "I want you to check things carefully. Don't let me to-morrow that I forgot anything. If I forget it's because you don't remember."

Doug stood up. "Well, I'll push along back to the house. Thanks for listening to the lecture."

"It's just as hopeless to lecture me as it always was, isn't it?"

"Maybe not. Why don't you make a last stand? Put on the pale gold dress to-night. Knock their eyes out."

He walked off up the aisle as Aunt Edith came round the altar.

"Hello, dear. Neil's been looking for you everywhere. Now, I want you to go right up to your room and lie down."

"All right, darling." Pam put down a half-tied knot of ribbon, deciding that she would do nothing more for the wedding.

She was very tired, but it was impossible to rest. She had only just stretched out on her bed when Neil knocked on her door. He came in smiling. He brushed back his hair with the old familiar gesture, but now it seemed a little too boyish and winsome for a man of his age and size.

Suddenly, for the first time in her life, she was on the defensive with Neil.

They talked pleasantly for a few moments, not as easily as they should have talked after all the years they had known each other. He had something on his mind.

"Pam," he said, "you've always been the best pal I ever had."

And then she knew that he was going to ask something of her, something he knew she would not like.

"Pam, I want to ask a favor of you." His voice was just as she had imagined it would be.

"Yes?" She looked straight into his wide, clear eyes.

"Aunt Edith gave you the deed to the cottage. Have you signed it?"

"No, I haven't signed it." She answered slowly.

"Will you give it to me?"

She looked away, wondering how he could keep his eyes so clear.

"Does Aunt Edith want you to have it, Neil?"

He hesitated. She could almost see him decide it would be better to tell the truth.

"Only if you're willing. Because she's already given it to you."

"But you know how much it means to me."

He didn't know, of course. He couldn't know that besides her only refuge it was the one place on earth she could hope to straighten things out.

While she was speaking her eyes had come back to his and were held by him. Her heart began to beat heavily and she was filled with the old desire to help him, give him what he wanted, make him happy at any cost so that he might always smile like this.

"Neil . . ." she began. But something stirred in the clear depths of his eyes, some glint of premature triumph showed, seen only because she was watching him so closely.

The words she had been about to speak died on her lips. Instead she said with a smile, "I have to think of myself once in a while."

"I know, darling, and you'd better be practical. I'll make it up to you. How about a little stock in the Bracken Company? That makes much better sense."

"But I don't want the money. I've never been interested in money."

"Darling, don't be an idiot." He was laughing at her. "You've never had any to be interested in, that's all." He leaned towards her. "You'll give it to me, won't you?"

She let him wait. Looking down at his hands, she forced from her mind all memories of him and the years of her devotion. Then she raised her eyes slowly and saw him exactly as he was. Charming, spoiled, utterly heartless when he was after something he wanted.

He had always been aware of her feelings for him, but now there was no thought for her. There had never been any thought for her, or for anyone else.

## Love Is Lightning

Continued from page 4

"No, Neil," she said at last. "I'm not going to give it to you."

"Pam, I thought you were fond of me." He was reproachful.

"I am fond of you," she said, smiling faintly. "And I suppose I always will be. But that doesn't mean that I'll give you the cottage. Or that after to-morrow I'll still be doing things for you. And I suppose after a while I won't want to. After a while I won't care."

His face grew dark with anger, his hands clenched at his sides.

"You must be very tired," he said. "I know it's rather a trying thing for you—this wedding. Maybe when you think it over you'll feel differently."

He waited, but she just lay there smiling faintly until at last he went away. She lay perfectly still for a long time and tried not to think or feel anything at all. The clock on the stairs struck softly. It was time to dress for dinner. She got up and took the Greek gown from Valeska's box.

She was completely dressed, her hair done more or less in Grecian style, when Muriel appeared in the doorway. Muriel was smoking a cigarette in a long holder of cherry amber. Her beautiful hair billowed about her head and shoulders. Under a cherry velvet housegown she was wearing silver pyjamas.

"Hello, darling," she said coolly. "I'll buy that dress from you."

"Not for sale," Pam smiled at her.

"Well, I must say Valeska does well by you. Maybe I should go to her all the time."

"I don't think she'd take you. You

*"Love . . . is exactly like war, in this, that a soldier though he has escaped three weeks complete o' Saturday night, may nevertheless be shot through his heart on Sunday morning."*  
Sterne in "Tristram Shandy."

have your own flair for clothes and she'd fight with you."

"You think I do all right?"

"I think you're stunning."

"You're being nice. I mean, really."

"Of course I am."

"That's fine. Now how about leaving Neil alone?"

"What do you mean?"

"He's in the most ghastly grump. He simply isn't the sweet little boy he used to be. And he says it's your fault."

"Oh! That's because I refused to give him the cottage in the mountains."

"Well, thank heaven for that," Muriel said devoutly. "I just couldn't bear to be stuck away up there. That all, darling?"

"Yes, what were you thinking of?"

"Well, dear, I know your story. What I wasn't told I guessed. So I thought maybe you were just making a last play."

"You don't have to worry about me. I wouldn't marry Neil if he asked me. And he's never been in love with me, or—"

"Or anyone else. I get it. That sounds good to me then." With the toe of her silver sandal Muriel pushed the door shut. "Since we're being so friendly, I'll tell you how it is. I like him a lot, and he's handsome. And I like what goes with him. The butler and the old homestead. The shoe factory and the rich old aunties. He thinks I'm a beautiful ornament, and I am. So who's going to lose?"

"I think you'll be good for him," Pam said thoughtfully.

"He'll like it." Muriel removed her cigarette butt from the long holder and mashed it in an ash-tray. She smiled and her eyes were friendly. "Darling," she said gently, "you've been bawling the wrong horse for years. Neil doesn't need devotion, not the real kind. He doesn't even want it. But that other poor chap!"

"What other poor chap?"

"Doug. Doug Weyland, darling. If I'd known how rich he is I think I would have married him. It wouldn't have worked, of course.

Too much quality for me. But he's really a duck, and when do you think you'll do better?"

She smiled and swayed gracefully towards the door. "Well, I'd better tear into my little green frock or I'll be late for dinner. And to-night's the first rehearsal of my first starring part. But I'd just like to say it's a pleasure to know an intelligent decent woman."

"The same to you."

"Aren't we the dear friends? It's rather nice." Muriel paused with one hand on the doorknob. "Darling, I'll give you a pair of diamond earrings for that dress. Valeska didn't charge you more than what they're worth."

"She didn't charge me anything. She gave it to me."

"Valeska?" Muriel stared. "Vera Valeska wouldn't give corn to a malnourished pelican. Grow up, Pamela!"

"But she did. She must have."

"Darling, I'm so happy for you. There's a speck on your horizon." Muriel grinned over her shoulder. "See you at dinner."

Pam stood staring at the empty doorway. Of course Muriel was right. Valeska would never give anything away. Then who could have sent the gown? Not Aunt Edith, who could never keep a surprise, who would have bustled in here long ago just to see how it looked. Only Valeska could have known anything about it.

Only Valeska—but Doug had said, "Why don't you wear the pale gold gown?" Doug had known. Doug must have sent it. So that Neil would look at her and really see her at last? So that the lightning would strike Neil and he would fall in love with her before it was too late?

Suddenly she realised that she had always been unfair to Doug and that made her angry. Who did he think he was, sending her such an expensive gift? As far as she was concerned it was a gift and a commission from Valeska. The least she could do was to be a really good mannequin.

It made her look magnificent, better than she had ever dreamed of looking. She waited until she knew they had all gone in to dinner before she started down. As she rounded the curve in the stairs she saw him, standing there in the hall below her. He looked up and smiled.

She stopped suddenly grasping the rail for support. Her heart beat so heavily she could hardly breathe. She could not move. She could only stand there looking down, and wait for him to speak.

"Sargent would have painted you," he said. "You look so cool and calm and beautiful."

"Why shouldn't I?" she asked, standing very straight.

"Because you're only one of those things."

"I'm cool and calm."

"No, darling." He smiled again.

"You're only beautiful."

She went on down towards him, her eyes never leaving his face. Why had she never seen the sweetness of this smile, the kindness in eyes which were always so clear but never empty?

"It's late," she said, pausing two steps above him. "You must not keep them waiting."

"Oh, we aren't dining here, we're going to run out on them. I'll bring the car round. Then what do you think about just driving on and on? Until we find someone who'll marry us?"

"Wonderful. I'll get my coat." She tried to turn back up the stairs but she was afraid to let go of the railing. The world was a whirling mass of lovely colors, gathering speed with every turn.

"Doug . . ." She closed her eyes, feeling the sharp sting of tears.

"What is it, darling?"

"Just the lightning—"

"Makes you feel dizzy, doesn't it?"

"But so wonderful," she murmured, stepping down into his arms.

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# The Latecomer

By . . .  
**ANNE HOMER  
WARNER**

**F**IFTEEN minutes before the party was to begin, Hope Mason took a quick look in the top drawer of the little chest-of-drawers. She couldn't help smiling at the neat, immaculate array of little sweaters, more than she'd ever need; blankets and jackets, and handmade dresses.

In the other drawers, she knew, were the diapers, the little shirts and nightgowns. All ready and waiting.

It was a secret smile, though, and a secret contemplation. When you were expecting a baby, you showed these things proudly to your friends. But when you were adopting one, you hid them and waited patiently.

For one thing, the process of adoption was so long. There was the original application, then the documents to fill out, and the painful interviews.

It was better, in those circumstances, not to have friends interfering, inquiring. Better to wait until you had the baby in your arms. Then let them all say, "Did you know? The Masons have adopted a baby!"

Hope picked up a little cap, then replaced it. She could hear Brad calling up the stairwell, "Hope, where are the olives and those onion things?"

She hurried out to the hall and peered over the banisters at Brad's worried, upturned face. "I'm just coming down," she said. "There's no rush. Everyone's bound to be late."

"I know. But it's better to be ready." Hope sighed. In their position they simply had to give these big annual parties, otherwise they would be snowed under with obligations. She would be glad when it was over.

For the host and hostess these occasions were nothing but sheer hard work— hectic hours of getting ready, and, later, hectic hours of straightening up, with, in between, the milling crowds, the introductions, the tense, shrill voices. But, as Brad said, when you went to other people's houses you had to have them to yours.

Hope hurried downstairs, found the olives and olives for Brad, then made a final tour of the house. Everything shone. The ashtrays were plentiful, the cigarette-boxes were filled.

Brad hated these parties just as much as Hope did. She said, "I'll be glad when it's over, won't you?"

"You bet! I wonder if we have enough gin."

"It's really better at this point," Hope said nervously, "for the guests to come."

"Don't worry. They'll come all right. How many are we having?"

"About forty."

She heard wheels in the drive and glanced out the window. Two cars were parking, two groups of friends were converging on the front steps. Everyone looked festive.

Hope opened the door. "Hello! I see you all know one another already."

"We're old friends . . ."

They were all talking at once. Hope saw a little green roadster manoeuvre its way in, closely followed by a dark sedan. The party was really under way . . .

An hour later Hope felt as though the afternoon had been going on forever, also that it would never end. People overflowed from the living-room into the hall and the dining-room, and back into the kitchen. They sat on the stairs in couples.

*"I'm afraid my visit is ill-timed, Mrs. Mason," the woman said, smiling uneasily at Hope.*

They laughed and chatted, and held out empty glasses to her to be refilled.

Brad worked hard keeping the cocktail shakers in readiness. Hope passed hors d'oeuvres, made introductions, shifted groups that had become too static.

The party was obviously a success, but Hope knew that there was something lacking in the Mason home. They should have had, instead of these feverish voices, the exuberant shouts of children, the laughter, the tears, the pandemonium, and the quiet.

She thought of the little chest-of-drawers, with its array of tiny clothes. They had waited over a year, so it shouldn't be long now. She and Brad both wanted children, two or three if possible.

**T**HEY had gradually reconciled themselves to the fact that they couldn't have any of their own; they had chosen this only other way, and in their application they hadn't been at all particular. The new baby could be a boy or a girl, fat or thin, blond or brunette—just as long as it was theirs.

She smiled, and it was still a secret smile, because no one knew what the Masons were expecting.

Hope dumped three ashtrays, arranged a platter of cheese squares on the coffee table, took a quick sip at a drink, then went to answer the door once again.

The party had reached a stage by now, not quite boisterous, but very noisy. Hope squeezed her way between oblivious backs and wavering glasses. Just reaching the front hall from the fireplace was something of a problem. And everyone tried to detain her: "Hope, I had no idea you knew Pete Evans!" . . . "These cheese things are delicious!" . . . "How about you and Brad coming over to our place after this is over?"

Hope smiled and nodded, indiscriminately. A group of husbands were swapping stories in the archway leading to the hall. She slid round them without being noticed, and opened the front door.

"I'm sorry to keep you waiting. Do come in," she said to a quietly dressed middle-aged woman she had never seen before.

The woman smiled uneasily. "Mrs. Mason? I hadn't realised you were giving a party. I'm afraid my visit is ill-timed."

"Not at all. I'm so glad you could come."

Hope was vaguely puzzled. But she had seen so many faces in the past hour, and opened the door to so many friends and friends' friends, that the process had all merged together into something almost mechanical. Even her welcoming smile was mechanical and her outstretched hand.

"We're so pleased to see you," she said, pulling the stranger into the clamorous hall.

"I'm Miss Burbank," the woman said. "I've come about your adoption."

"Oh," Hope's smile now was almost blank with surprise. It couldn't be that finally, after all these months of waiting . . . She said, "You mean you've found—that is, the baby is actually ready for us?"

Miss Burbank's smile was very self-contained. "We have one in mind for you, Mrs. Mason," she said. "I've been sent to make a final inspection visit. These things have to be arranged with great care, you know."

An inspection visit! Hope looked around her with a sinking heart. Dick Winthrop, the perennial clown—and the kindest man in the world—was doing one of his imitations. Everyone was laughing. Half-filled glasses decorated every available piece of furniture. Lily Graham had slipped her hand through Brad's arm and was waving her eyelashes at him in that ridiculous way she had.

Brad was being the perfect host. He had a cocktail shaker in one hand, jingling it cheerfully. He was laughing at Dick's imitations and responding with friendly banter to Lily's stacy mannerisms. Brad wanted a quiet family life. He wanted to teach his sons to fish and swim. But looking at him now no one would have guessed that.

Hope said in a low voice, "I'm sorry we happened to be giving a party. It's just—" And then she hesitated. It wouldn't help to be on the defensive, and it might do a great deal of harm. She added brightly, "I'll have to find somewhere where we can talk. Come upstairs and I'll show you the room we're planning to use."

Somehow she edged Miss Burbank up the stairs, past four happy, talkative couples. They all shouted remarks and greetings, and Hope answered with a fixed, weary smile. She and Brad were planning to give the baby their big corner room, because it had windows on two sides and lots of sunshine.

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The Australian Women's Weekly—August 28, 1948

Always look for the name **MORLEY** on Underwear . . .

# "A Godsend to us" . . . bedridden nearly a year, now up and about again

If you are suffering, this letter will interest you.

She writes:

"Recommended by our chemist to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for Rheumatism, I must write and tell you what a godsend they have been to us. My shoulder and knees and feet are now free from pain, the first time for years.

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Yours sincerely,

(Mrs.) Ruby L."

## MENTHOIDS WILL HELP YOU, TOO!

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too, as they have helped this Australian family. For theirs is the story of thousands of people in Australia to-day.

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis and their kindred ailments are so common that they cost Australians approximately £20 millions a year.

Much of this suffering and loss can be ended by helping your blood stream to wash away the body poisons that cripple you.

## MENTHOIDS—the great blood medicine

Menthoids contain no drugs. Menthoids are a natural prescription, a great blood medicine containing Thionine. Menthoids help to drive out the crippling poisons and germs from your system that so often cause constant Headaches, Dizziness, simple High Blood Pressure, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments. If you suffer in this way get a flask of Menthoids to-day and give yourself a course of this famous treatment.

See how quickly Menthoids will rid you of that unhappy, depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful energy.

## Secret of MENTHOIDS TREATMENT

Menthoids are not simply a pain reliever. Menthoids treat the cause of your bodily aches and pains. Nearly all medicines are so changed in the digestive system that their healing and medicinal properties are destroyed. But the wonderful ability of Menthoids to remain unaffected in the digestive system enables Menthoids to continue their medicinal and internal cleansing action through your kidneys and blood stream.

## More letters praising MENTHOIDS come from all corners of the Empire

Company Director writes:

"Before taking Menthoids, I had been going steadily downhill for 12 months. Life was becoming intolerable. Maddening pain kept me awake every night. I could not lift my arm above shoulder level and was utterly listless and depressed. A friend recommended Menthoids and, within a week, I rapidly began to gain my old-time vigour and activity. To-day I feel ten years younger."—R.A.M., Managing Director.

Farmer's wife says:

"I have been taking your Menthoids for 6 months for Neuritis. My back and legs were so painful I could hardly get any rest, but, since taking Menthoids, at the end of the first bottle, I was cured from all pain . . . I have recommended your Menthoids to three different people who have thanked me immensely for the good they have done them . . ."—Mrs. L.



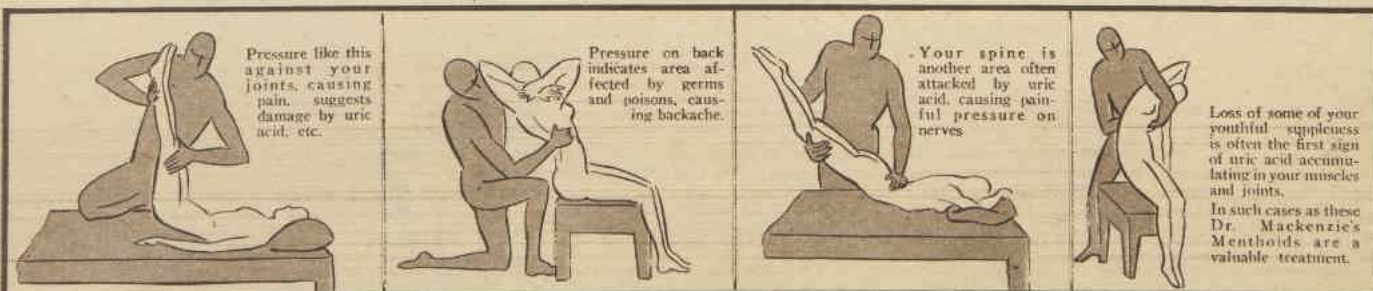
Start a course of Menthoids to-day

If you suffer from simple High Blood Pressure, constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments, get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6 with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6, from your nearest chemist or store.

If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address, and send to

**BRITISH MEDICAL LABORATORIES, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney** and your Menthoids will reach you by return mail.

Keep a note of the number of your postal note until you hear from us.



## Interesting People



MISS KATHLEEN GORDON  
... physical education specialist

**WESTERN AUSTRALIAN** Miss Kathleen Gordon, former school teacher, is official delegate attending International Congress of Physical Education, Recreation, and Rehabilitation, sponsored by British Minister of Education. Will later go to U.S. as member of team awarded Carnegie grant to study youth problems. Charming, friendly, understanding, she has been Commonwealth Director of Physical Education since 1943.



MR. LEONARD STUART BELL,  
B.A., LL.B.

**ROTARY** International has selected Sydney ex-serviceman solicitor Mr. Leonard Bell as first Australian holder of Paul Harris Foundation Fellowship. Mr. Bell has chosen to go to McGill University, Montreal, will work for Master of Civil Law degree. He will give talks to Canadian Rotarians on Australia, talks on Canada when he returns. Purpose of Fellowship is to foster understanding between nations. All holders must have B.A. degree.



MRS. VICTORIA GEANEY  
... hostess for Uncle Sam

**AMERICA'S** most important hostess is a grandmother. She is Mrs. Victoria Geaney, housekeeper-custodian of Blair House, Washington, where prominent foreign visitors are entertained by State Department. Mrs. Geaney does own mark-ting, serves visitors, of no matter what nationality, "plain American food." Among her guests: General De Gaulle, Leon Blum, Yugoslav King Peter, Greek King George, Prince Feisal of Arabia.

## I'm a Stranger in Town Myself

**D**RISCOLL grinned. "You're okay," he said. "But what have you got against the movies?"

"Nothing," Martin said. "I'm a teacher in a boys' school, and I don't get out of Porthaven much."

"Porthaven? Do I know that school?"

"America's Harrow," Martin said. "Could do a picture on a boys' school," Barney Driscoll said. "Hasn't been done lately. I might use that idea." He turned his head indolently. "Tell you what, maybe I can get you out there as technical adviser. What's the name of that school again?"

"Porthaven."

"Getting back to that girl," Driscoll said. "You suppose she's really got a room downstairs?"

"She told me this afternoon she was staying in the hotel."

"I'm wondering," Driscoll said thoughtfully. "Maybe she's on the level. Maybe we ought to find out." He picked up the telephone and asked for room 1110. After a brief conversation he hung up with a shrug and said, "So it was a frame. She was registered, all right, Miss Madeleine Petit, from Paris, France. But she's checked out."

"Checked out?" Martin said, and his eyes brightened. "Maybe I can get her room!"

He telephoned the room clerk, and the room was his. He arranged for a bellboy to be sent up to 1207 for his suitcase, while he went down to register.

As he left the room he picked up from a table the manuscript he had prepared for the Historical Verification Association, which he had left behind when he went down to make the speech.

Barney Driscoll slapped his shoulder at the door and said, "You did me a favor. I appreciate it. Come and see me sometime."

"You bet," Martin said.

"On the coast," said Barney Driscoll. "Be glad to see you any time."

In room 1110 Martin put the manuscript in the drawer of the small writing-table, opened the suitcase and removed his pyjamas, and somewhat unsteadily prepared for bed.

With his borrowed suit hanging in the closet, the Latin instructor's malacca stick and the new hat and gloves laid carefully atop the bureau, he was stripped of the false personality they had given him for a little time.

He sat on the edge of the bed in his pyjamas, and he was himself again—a nervous, shy, young schoolmaster completely out of his element and in a state of tipiness that was certainly no example to youth. But at least he had four walls around him. He had a room of his own, and his name was officially inscribed on the hotel records.

The thought gave him a comforting sense of identity. He let his head fall to the pillow, and he was relaxed for the first time that day.

The ringing of the telephone woke him eventually from uneasy sleep. He sat upright and blinked in morning sunlight, then reached for the instrument, not yet fully awake.

"Vincent," a crisp voice said, "is that you?"

"Yes. Who's calling?"

"Dr. Fisher."

Martin clutched the receiver, wide awake now, and appalled.

"Hello, hello," the voice said, rising impatiently. "Vincent, are you still there?"

"Yes, Dr. Fisher," Martin said numbly.

"Good heavens, man, aren't you awake yet?"

"Yes, I'm awake."

"Then on your toes, Vincent! How did things go? You made your speech, didn't you?"

"Yes," Martin said.

"How did it go over?"

"All right," Martin said.

"All right?" said Dr. Fisher.

"Well, I suppose all right is the best I could expect. I want to talk it over with you, Vincent. Suppose I come right up."

"Up?" said Martin.

"Yes. Room 1110, isn't it?"

"Dr. Fisher," Martin said weakly, "aren't you in Porthaven?"

Continued from page 5

"I'm downstairs," the headmaster said. "I flew in from Porthaven this morning. I'll be right up, Vincent."

Martin let the receiver fall on to the cradle and pushed himself to his feet. He felt panicky. It was too early in the morning to face the issue. He shuffled into the bathroom, and was still shaving when Dr. Fisher knocked on the door.

The headmaster bustled in and slammed the door vigorously behind him.

"I thought it would be a good idea if I came up to New York and stood by," Dr. Fisher said. "Maybe I can take a little of the load off your shoulders."

"Yes, sir," Martin said hollowly.

"Now let's hear the story. Did Mr. Duff like the speech?"

Martin had been often enough on the carpet in the headmaster's office at Porthaven, but the look in Dr. Fisher's protruding eyes on those occasions had never been so disturbing as the eager glint that Martin saw there now. He did some urgent thinking.

He could not tell the headmaster all that had happened; he had to stall for time. After all, he thought, Mr. Duff had liked the speech. Martin had made a good impression on Mr. Duff and had been off to a flying start before the mix-up in Barney Driscoll's room.

If he could find some way to appease Mr. Duff, and if he could meanwhile keep the headmaster from communicating with Mr. Duff, there was an outside chance.

"Dr. Fisher," he said firmly, "the speech went over better than I expected."

"Indeed?" There was a greedy shine in Dr. Fisher's eyes. "Did you work in the material I sent over to you?"

"Why—yes, I had it in my speech," Martin said.

"It was thoroughly researched," said Dr. Fisher. "I thought it might appeal to Barton. Did you have a talk with him, Vincent?"

"Well," Martin said hesitantly, "not yet."

The headmaster gave his head a shake. "I had hoped you'd follow up that speech at once, Vincent, while the iron was hot."

"We were interrupted, Dr. Fisher," Martin said, and remembered the appointment he had made with Mr. Duff. "But we're having a talk today."

"Good. Where?"

"At his house," Martin said.

"He asked you to his house, did he? I'd say that augurs well, wouldn't you?"

"I couldn't say, Dr. Fisher."

The headmaster slapped his palm on the arm of the chair. "By George, I'm going to call up Oliver Pratt. He's the Chairman of the Porthaven Trustees, you know. I'm going to ask him to lunch, Vincent, and let him know what we're up to."

Martin said nervously, "Don't you think that would be premature, Dr. Fisher?"

"I have matters to discuss with Oliver, anyhow," said the headmaster. "What time is your appointment with Mr. Duff?"

"Eleven o'clock."

Dr. Fisher glanced at his watch. "Heaven's man, it's ten-thirty now. You'll have to hurry. Look, you've only shaved one side of your face!"

Martin returned to the bathroom, and the headmaster followed him to the door. "You know, Vincent, I'm wondering if I should go with you this morning."

"Martin swung about. "Oh, no!"

"You think not?"

"I think it would look like too much pressure," Martin said. "After all, Mr. Duff laughed when he got your letter offering me as a speaker!"

Dr. Fisher winced. "He laughed?"

"Yes. His secretary told me he had no doubts why you had sent me up here."

"So he laughed," Dr. Fisher said, then turned sudden irritation on Martin. "You picked a poor morning to sleep late. Now hurry. Mr. Duff has strong views on punctuality."

"Yes, I know," Martin said.

Please turn to page 28

Time enough for the garden...  
now I use **RINSO** with its  
**THICKER, RICHER SUDS**

RIGHT! RINSO MAKES WASHDAY AS EASY FOR YOU AS FOR THE CLOTHES — THERE'S NO RUBBING OR SCRUBBING NOW

AND RINSO KEEPS THINGS BRIGHT AS A TRELLIS OF SWEET-PEAS! WHITES SPARKLING... COLOURS GAY AS FLOWERS

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... all the health you'd wish them — Thanks to

**SAUNDERS' MALT EXTRACT AND COD LIVER OIL**

**H**OORAY! Good health and bounding energy is now assured for the genuine SAUNDERS' MALT AND COD LIVER OIL, is the palatable way to ensure ample vitamins for internal warmth... the safeguard against coughs and colds.

All Chemists & Stores



## New York INSPIRED . . . Leroy CREATED

Eminent designers of America's centre of fashion dreamed up these ballet-inspired styles, and Leroy, Australia's leading fashion house, created them with "that lovely line" that flatters figures and turns heads . . .

- Cosmic Green is the out-of-this-world colour of the Leroy creation in crepe at left. Gathering on the bodice is formed by cording whipped over with gold thread. Sleeves have rouleau bows.
- They call it Bride's Blue crepe. Two-tone corded ribbons encircle the skirt. Half-bolero jacket has covered buttons as its trim.



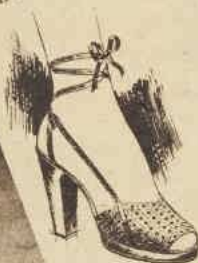
*that lovely line*



NAMED "MAD," this laced wedge by Leandre, of Paris, has been reproduced in Australia in both black and mustard suede.



"MON BEGUIN" (above). Backless, with stranded vamp, this black suede platform is both cool and effective.



"ILLUSION." Punched vamp and new-width platform soles contribute to the elegance of this shoe. It is made in black or mustard suede and white crushed kid.



"DIVERSION," with knotted strips on vamp, is available in mustard, black, and brown suede.



"SECRET." Gold snakeskin is the material used for this exotic shoe; also silver and bronze kid, white crushed kid, honey brocade, and mustard and black suede.

## Something afoot . .

THE originals of the shoes shown on this page were designed by Leandre, top-ranking Paris shoe creator. They have been reproduced in Australia, by a leading shoe manufacturer, from lasts cut in France to the exact foot measurements of our four Paris mannequins and flown out here. Australian and overseas materials have been used, and in the case of the gold skin shoes genuine gold leaf was applied to snakeskin during manufacture.

Fashion Editor Mrs. Mary Hordern chose them for our Paris Fashion Parades, because they are light and suitable for the new length frocks with fuller skirts, which call for a different type of shoe from those we have been wearing. She thought the shoes would reproduce well in colored linens and would be cool and suitable for wear without stockings in the Australian summer.



"PREMIER BAL." Laces extending from vamp to ankle are a feature of this shoe reproduced in black suede, black crepe with silver kid, honey brocade and colored tinsel fabric.

# Gay Gossip FROM PARIS...

THESE BEAUTIFUL \* FRENCH MANNEQUINS INTRODUCE  
THE COSMETIC COLOR OF THE YEAR



Yvonne Guichard, russet-haired, brown-eyed, declares, "But this is my favorite color—this is my favorite 'Gay Gossip'."

Yvonne Guichard



Morny Neussbaum, leading Paris mannequin, says "One word describes 'Gay Gossip'—'Innocent'! With spring styles it is superb."

Morny Neussbaum



"Gay Gossip" ... such a diverting color! says gracefully coiffed brunette Pauline Paulus. "Night or day, it's perfect."

Pauline Paulus

\*

Brought to Australia by the Australian Women's Weekly, and appearing daily in their French Fashion Parades



"Gay Gossip" ... the fashion-perfect pink! A provocative pastel, buoyantly new in tone, clear, flattering ... a Paul Duval original, evolved to accord with the colors and contours Paris dictates for Spring.



Maya Leroy, dazzling blonde, says "Gay Gossip" has what Paris calls 'une de vivre'—a pastel pink just made for Spring."

Maya Leroy

A  
**paul Duval**  
ORIGINAL

Paul Duval Personalised Cosmetics—at all Chemists and Exclusive Stores

PGWW1

LIPSTICKS 2/10, 3/11, 5/11 • ROUGE 2/7, 3/11 • NAIL ENAMEL 2/7 • FACE POWDER 3/7

# Thousands see Paris clothes at our parades

Maya is calm, Mouny talks, Paule is dignified, and Yanick amused

At each session of The Australian Women's Weekly 1948 Paris Fashion Parades, which are now taking place, hundreds of people are seeing a magnificent display of French models.

The parades opened with a gala ball at Prince's Restaurant when the mannequins, clad in dashing beach outfits, ran with linked hands on to the floor and were thunderously applauded.

FROM that moment everything has been an immense success. The specially designed settings at both Prince's and the Trocadero are essentially French and might have been lifted from the heart of Paris.

The girls' dressing-room at Prince's has the outward appearance of a modish French shop in the Rue Pigalle.

The French promenade effect of the huge oval dais at the Trocadero is emphasised by standard French lamp-posts. The dais can be seen from every part of the floor.

The Paris shopfront was designed by Mr. Lou Clavery and very ably executed by Mr. Dresford Hardingham, an Australian who returned after many years in England, where he was Art Director at Elstree Film Studios, and in Paris, where he designed decors for many well-known Paris shops.

The setting depicts the Rue Pigalle, which is near the Moulin Rouge in Montmartre.

At the Trocadero the special dais covers an area 77ft long and 56ft wide in a huge oval. Each mannequin walks 250ft round the oval every time she appears.

The four French mannequins—Paule Paulus, Mouny Neussbaum, Maya Leroy, and Yanick Guichard—with their Australian colleagues, Judy Barracough and Lois Abrahams, form a perfectly balanced team.

Each has distinct modelling mannerisms.

Brown-eyed Paule Paulus is dignified and friendly. Her love of beautiful clothes is obvious in every movement, particularly when she wears the classical evening gowns which show off her tall stateliness.

Exquisite blonde Mouny Neussbaum is concerned wholly and solely with her audience. She walks with a gay swing and pivots quickly to the onlookers.

She likes the clothes she models, she knows her waist is tiny, her figure trim, and she is anxious to let everyone know how pleasant everything is generally.

Maya Leroy is completely calm.



She's quite beautiful, and looks as though softly clinging evening and hostess gowns were created simply for her to wear.

Compared with Mouny, who almost runs, she is slow-moving and very erect.

Redhead Yanick Guichard is the surprise packet. Quieter than the others when not working, she changes altogether once she mounts the parade platform, and the spectators respond to her high spirits. She models all types of clothes

with pert enjoyment and joins in the fun when audiences laugh at the two or three "zany" large beach hats she wears.

Dark-haired Judy Barracough, who rivals Paule in stateliness and has a waist almost as tiny as Mouny's, took part in last year's parades and is now the complete mannequin, but the second Aus-

tralian, Lois Abrahams, has never modelled before.

Formerly Lois Sallmann, of Melbourne, she is the mother of three boys aged six, four, and two.

Although she shows no sign of nervousness, Lois was very nervous at the opening parade, according to her husband, Sydney businessman Eric Abrahams.

"She wasn't the least bit nervous during rehearsals, but just before we left home for the first parade she suddenly became terrified," he said.

"I knew she was nervous, but no one else seemed to notice, and now Lois seems to be quite at home. She loves it."

All the girls obviously enjoy their work, and each is able to indicate to the audience her individual preference in clothes.

They are careful not to leave the floor until the next girl puts in an appearance.

Mouny is particularly firm about this, and tosses little remarks in French and English to the audience while she waits for her successor.

There is very little delay, however, and the parades move along at a smart tempo.

The French girls have mastered the art of unobtrusively removing hats, jewellery, belts, and other accessories while on their way back to the dressing-room.

They have much hard work ahead, for they have a heavy schedule of parades in several capitals.

They may be tired at the end of the tour, but at present they all echo the enthusiastic Mouny, who says: "I'm enjoying it all. Work is so good!"

Audiences are so enthusiastic it is difficult to judge their more decided preferences, but the greatest applause is usually shared by a Bruyere crinoline frock of minute tiers of white net with a silver headed bodice and a Maggy Rouff model of white organdie over crinoline with grey and white applique borders on handkerchief-pointed overskirt. The former is worn by Yanick Guichard and the latter by Paule Paulus.

Although the programme lists 88 outfits, there are actually nearly 100.

A dozen arrived in Sydney by air only a few hours before the opening parade.

The wedding outfit was among the late arrivals, and French designer Lou Clavery finished putting a few adjusting stitches in it an hour before Mouny Neussbaum wore it to conclude the first parade.

## Mother of six wins hat contest

Winner of the £100 prize in The Australian Women's Weekly Paris Hat Competition is Mrs. T. B. Tyson, of Helidon, Queensland.

SHE was speechless with delight when we told her the news on long-distance telephone. When at last she became coherent she said she felt certain no one could have been more pleased to win.

Thirty-five-year-old Mrs. Tyson is a farmer's wife and the mother of six children, the eldest of whom is 12.

Her home is in lovely undulating country 12 miles from Toowoomba. She was born in the district and has lived there all her life.

She makes her own and her children's clothes, and ever since she was married she has longed for a new sewing-machine.

The one she has is an old hand model.

The day before she heard the news that she was the winner of the £100 prize she had a letter from a big sewing-machine manufacturer to say the firm could supply her with a new treadle machine.

"And now comes this news about the prize, so that I'll be able to use part of it to pay for the machine. 'I just can't believe it,' exclaimed Mrs. Tyson.

With her busy life on the farm and looking after her family, Mrs. Tyson has never had time to go down to the city to see our Paris Fashion Parades, but she is always interested in fashion.

"I have never seen a French hat, but I just thought, 'Now, why shouldn't I have a try at this hat competition?' When I mentioned it to the family there was a chorus of, 'Oh, Mum, you couldn't pick them.' Anyway, I went ahead.

"I didn't just guess with most of them.

"I thought in hats No. 1 and No. 2 the more fluffy looking feathers were on the Australian hat.

"In hats No. 3 and No. 4 I decided the flowers on hat No. 3 were more French looking.

"I must be frank and admit that I simply could not make up my mind about No. 5 and No. 6, so that was a guess.

"With No. 7 and No. 8, I decided

the bow looked softer on the French hat."

Mrs. Tyson has never attempted hat-making herself, but gets a lot of pleasure out of trimming her own hats.

Special staff had to be engaged to handle the 59,472 competition entries which poured in to The Australian Women's Weekly head office in Sydney from every part of the Commonwealth.

In examining the entries we found that 11 per cent. had only one incorrect answer, 39 per cent. had two incorrect, 34 per cent. had three incorrect, and 25 per cent. had them all wrong.

Highest percentage of incorrect

answers was for hats No. 5 and No. 6. Seventy-nine per cent. of the answers allotted hat No. 5 to Paris and hat No. 6 to Sydney. Hat No. 5 was made by Stoddart's, Sydney, in several colors. Schiaparelli made hat No. 6 in olive-green coarse straw.

Next highest percentage of incorrect answers was for hats No. 1 and No. 2. Hat No. 1 was made in Sydney by Stoddart's. The model shown in the competition is a lovely soft shade of pink. The original No. 2, made by Legroux Soeurs, is canary-yellow.

Fifty-seven per cent. of the answers were wrong about hats No. 3 and No. 4, and 55 per cent. were wrong about hats No. 7 and No. 8.

Hat No. 3 was made in Paris by Simone Cange. Rose Valois designed and made hat No. 7.



WINNER of our Paris hat contest, Mrs. T. B. Tyson, of Helidon, Qld., with her daughter Dawn.



PARIS HATS are tried on for chairman of directors of Stoddart's Limited, Mr. Charles Rich, by Paule Paulus and Yanick Guichard at back. Mouny Neussbaum, front left, and Maya Leroy.

**COOKERY CONTEST**  
DETAILS of our £2000 cookery contest are on page 34. Progress prizes, page 33.

## STARVING CHILDREN

IT is difficult for most Australians to realise what starvation means.

In this land of abundance people have had to spread the butter somewhat thinly since rationing came and the high price of meat is putting cheaper cuts on to their tables more often.

But hunger? No.

No mother has had to watch her children waste away because there was no food for them.

Australia has no great camps of rickety, T.B.-infected orphans gathered from the bomb rubble of her cities.

Australian eyes have not been assailed by the sight of babies too weak from malnutrition even to cry, and Australian hands have not had to bathe the limbs of children whose bones are almost through their skin.

Is this why we Australians are so slow in filling the coffers of the United Nations Appeal for Children?

Does our imagination fail to grasp the fact that hundreds of thousands of children in Europe and Asia can be kept alive only if the luckier peoples of the world care enough?

Can we possibly sleep at night knowing that somewhere a child may be ending its little life with a sigh because the cup of milk that would have carried it through another day wasn't there?

It is not too late to help the appeal. What you give may buy that cup of milk.



"Timber!"

# WORTH Reporting

**B**ULGING string bags and heavy parcels hold no terrors for slim Melbourne trapeze artist Helen De Vere Penney.

She has taken up weight-lifting, and her coach, George Beattie, says that she is the first woman he has trained in 30 years who has discovered the secret of lifting without straining.

Under the auspices of the Victorian Weightlifters' Association she recently made the following officially noted lifts. With the greatest of ease she made an 85lb two-hand snatch; a two-hand press, 85lb.; and a two-hand clean and jerk, 105lb.

If that should be Dutch to you, as it was to us, here's the translation:

A two-hand snatch means that the weight is taken from the floor to overhead in one movement without pause, and held for two seconds. In a two-hand press the weight is taken from the floor and held at the shoulders, then pressed above the head without moving the feet or swaying, and held for two seconds.

A two-hand clean and jerk means that the weight is taken to the shoulders in one sweep and held for two seconds, with the heels together.

Miss De Vere Penney, who exercises with weights for about half an hour a day, finds it an exhilarating pastime.

Part of its fascination is that the hobby can be enjoyed alone.

Mr. Beattie told us: "A weight-lifter's only competitor is himself. His goal is ability to lift his own weight. The world record is held by an American negro, who balanced 450lb. above his head for the required time of two counts by the referee."

"Weight-lifting requires the co-ordination of mind and muscle so that the strongest parts of the body take the lift."

THE editor of a Victorian health magazine signs his editorials... "Vitality The Editor."

## Adult education

OUR paragraph about the second Summer School to be conducted by the Victorian Council for Adult Education brings us news from our Western Australian representative of adult education in that State.

In Western Australia summer schools are conducted annually by the Adult Education Board of the University, which next January will hold its 21st in the picturesque University setting at Crawley, near the Swan River.

The first Western Australian Summer School was in 1929; in 1936 it became residential.

"Many of the details of next January's Summer School have yet to be worked out," says Professor F. Alexander, director of the Adult Education Board of the University, "but the theme has been chosen—Australia in the British Commonwealth."

The board is hopeful that it will have in residence official and unofficial representatives from all British dominions.

"A leading English violinist and a well-known celebrity pianist have been engaged for the whole period of the Summer School, and negotiations are taking place for a full symphony orchestral concert."

Last January there were 312 students ranging from 16 to 60. Six of them came from Victoria and South Australia. They included clerks, typists, teachers, farmers, and their wives, and a few industrial workers.



"I asked if you wanted to go to the movies, and you said 'Yes, dear.'"

## Cures stammering

MR. WILLIAM CHARLES KERR, a Scottish schoolmaster, claims that he can cure stammering in any normally healthy and intelligent person.

He has been studying speech defects for 12 years, but started taking patients only last January.

The extraordinary feature of Mr. Kerr's treatment is that he claims to complete a cure in one appointment of 30 minutes.

He says that he uses the same treatment in every case, and that in anything from seven to 30 minutes his patients should be able to speak clearly and coherently at a pace only slightly slower than normal speech.

Each patient is taught a technique that he must follow in order to maintain the cure.

Mr. Kerr is now attached through the West of Scotland Education Authority to a number of speech clinics.

He gets so many requests for treatment that he asks inquirers not to write to him direct, but to the Education Authority at whose disposal he has placed his knowledge.

A CAKE manufacturer tells us that most wedding cakes are now square, unmounted, and topped with a spray of real flowers. Elaborate decoration is seldom seen. Gone are the cupids, doves, horseshoes, toy bride and groom that used to adorn wedding cakes.

Once these decorations were carefully stored under a glass bell on the drawing-room mantel. Now the idea is to have your cake—and eat it.

## Australians abroad

ESTELLE BENNELL, general secretary of the Adelaide Young Women's Christian Association, brought news of Australians in New York when she returned recently from 12 months abroad.

While she studied at the New York School of Social Studies, a branch of Columbia University, she stayed at International House, which houses 300 students of many nationalities.

Among Australians staying there was Sybil Willy, of Brisbane, who is studying singing.

"She has a deep contralto voice, attractive personality, and beautiful hair and complexion," said Miss Bennell.

Darius Haslam, of Melbourne, studies piano; Ada Stephens, of Adelaide, early childhood education. Helen Carr won a scholarship from Melbourne Kindergarten Union, Isla Stamp, formerly head of Perth Kindergarten Training College, returns to Australia shortly.

Betty Battle, who was in charge of Physical Education at Adelaide University, won a Sydney Scholarship, and is due back shortly.

Miss Bennell met again International Y.W.C.A. secretary Ann Guthrie, who travelled from India to Manila, via Australia, at the end of the war. She is now Y.W.C.A. liaison officer working for the world Y.W.C.A. in New York, where she has access to all special meetings of the Security Council and General Assembly of U.N.O.

## Smugglers beware!

TWENTY-EIGHT girls, former Government office typists and clerks, have just finished a six weeks' course at the Customs Training School in England. They are now being sent to sea and air ports all over Britain to catch women smugglers.

Until now, women suspected of smuggling had to be held at the port until the arrival of a police patrol, which often meant a long delay.

The new Customs girls will wear a uniform rather like that of the W.R.N.S., except that they are to have soft-crowned caps they have designed for themselves.

At the Customs school the girls were shown many smugglers' tricks. They were taught how to look for and manipulate false-bottomed suitcases; how to snap open hollow heels, and how to search for contraband in anything from face cream to coat linings.

"It was a most interesting course," said one of the pupils. "We all feel competent to cope with the cleverest smuggler now, and when we get married, we bet the husband who tries to keep any secrets."

Actually, smuggling has been very much cut down owing to the small amounts of currency that British travellers are allowed for business and holidays. For instance, although the Continental holiday season is now at its height, Customs officers at Dover and the busiest airports are collecting duty only at the rate of a few shillings at a time. Last summer they were taking up to £1000 a day.

They say that bona fide British tourists and business executives are returning from the sojourns in France, Switzerland, and the Scandinavian countries with just a few shillings in their pockets and no contraband in their suitcases. They just can't afford to buy things.

## Graves in Holland

PARENTS of Australians whose graves are in the war cemeteries of Holland will be interested in a letter from Mrs. W. B. Heard, of Willaura, Victoria.

Mr. and Mrs. Heard are the parents of Flying-Officer Geoff Heard, R.A.A.F., who, with the six British members of his crew, was killed when their Stirling bomber crashed at Gendringen, Holland, in 1942.

Gendringen is a little village near Arnhem. Mr. and Mrs. Heard have been the guests of the Burgomaster, and in her letter Mrs. Heard tells of visiting the war cemetery where there are 31 British graves.

She writes: "The graves are in flawless order, and paths freshly raked, and Mr. Deelen (the Burgomaster), on behalf of the municipality, had begonias from pots planted all round Geoff's grave, in addition to the four roses which are permanent on each grave."

"He had also had a huge cross placed at the head of the grave, with beautiful white lilies backed with ferns and dark-leaved plum foliage."

"The wooden crosses there originally have been replaced by metal ones, enamelled white, with black lettering."

"Miss Smits, a schoolteacher, had a parachute from Geoff's aircraft, given her by a policeman, who had carefully hidden it from the German authorities when they discovered the crash. She has made handkerchiefs of the silk and has embroidered one for each family of the 31 airmen who are buried there."

"They are beautifully done. She gave me mine last night."

Geoff Heard, captain-pilot of the bomber, was the pilot who figures prominently in the stories of Flying-Officer X. "No Trouble At All" and "K for Kitty," published in "The Greatest People in the World."

Flying-Officer X was the pseudonym of well-known novelist H. E. Bates, who was a personal friend of Geoff's when he was stationed at a British airfield.

During their visit to England Mr. and Mrs. Heard have met Mr. Bates several times.

## IT SEEMS TO ME

by

Dorothy Drain

THOUGH reasonably satisfied with my lot, sometimes I envy men.

The other night on a Sydney ferry I was listening in to a conversation.

A man, apparently a seaman, had struck up an acquaintance with a lad sitting beside him.

Said the seaman: "I could get you a job on the such-an-such easy enough. Deck-boy and assistant-steward. Twenty pounds a month and keep."

The lad didn't flicker. "Where does it go?" he asked idly.

"Honolulu, San Francisco... Go and see Mr. So-and-so. I'll give you the address. He's signing men on all this week. Say you're 18."

The lad said nothing, stared thoughtfully at the harbor lights. A minute later he started to talk about his football team.

I felt like leaning across and saying, "Get that address, sonny. It'd be wonderful." Maybe he was thinking of his mother, or a girl—or the football team.

It isn't that I particularly want to be a deck-boy or assistant-steward. But it would be nice to be 17 and male, and have the wide world handed to one on a platter.

WHEN Mr. R. G. Casey, Federal president of the Liberal Party, heard the Banking Case decision he was reported as saying, "Good-oh. Now the Australian people can all breathe again."

But how astonishing! I mean, Mr. Casey saying anything as colloquial as "good-oh."

THE news from New York about a recording machine which telephone subscribers may hire by the month to record their phone conversations didn't interest me much at first.

Useful for business purposes, but possibly embarrassing in the home.

However, it will be a godsend to detective-story writers, who, I expect, watch these inventions with a lynx eye.

The thing lets out a beep every 12 seconds to remind the speaker that his words are being recorded. An ingenious murderer or detective could probably stop the beep so that the speaker would think his conversation was unrecorded.

If you're not a detective-story reader you're probably bored with the above. But I've read so many of them that I often speculate on devices useful to murderers or detectives.

I'm thinking of writing one some time. It begins: "The night that Miss Perkins found the possum in the laundry bag..." Unfortunately, that's as far as I've got.

THE Ark is still on Mt. Ararat in Eastern Turkey, so Dr. Aaron Smith, Dean of a Bible School in America, believes. An American model shipmaker intends to lead an expedition there to look for it.

Suppose that they really find the Ark. Still parked on its mountain top. Some will be wanting to turn the bark.

Into a hamburger shop. And others will want to make it sail. When they haul it down from above.

But whatever they do, don't let them fail.

To locate that long-lost dove!



# Mandrake the Magician



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, go with **COLONEL BARTON:** In search of flame-colored pearls. Also on board the yacht **Argos** is **BETTY:** His daughter. A new clue in their search for the pearls leads them to the Land of the Giants, where their yacht is seen by **THE COLOSSUS:** Unbelievably huge giant of

the island. Intrigued by this new object, he calls to his wife, and the two enormous figures pick up the **Argos** and start for the shore, taking the yacht as a present for their child. But two other Colossi attack and overcome the family, capture the yacht, and carry it into their village. They refuse to let their fellow-villagers near it. **NOW READ ON:**



THE TWO GIANTS SEEM TO HAVE NO INTEREST IN THE TINY PEOPLE ABOARD THE STEEL YACHT. ONE BUSIES HIMSELF DIGGING NARROW TRENCHES IN THE GROUND, WHILE THE OTHER BUILDS A BONFIRE...



--A COLOSSAL BONFIRE, FED WITH WHOLE TREES! THOSE ABOARD THE YACHT FEEL THE TREMENDOUS HEAT--WHAT ARE THE COLOSSI GOING TO DO?



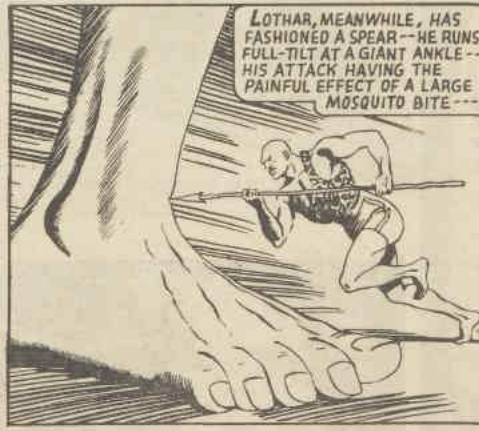
SUDDENLY, MANDRAKE REALIZES THE MEANING OF THESE PREPARATIONS. "THEY'RE GOING TO MELT THE YACHT IN THE FIRE, AND MOULD WEAPONS FROM THE STEEL"



IN A PANIC, THE CREW TRY TO LEAVE THE YACHT, AS THE COLOSSI, COMPLETELY INDIFFERENT TO THE TINY FIGURES ABOARD, PREPARE TO TOSS THE ENTIRE "ARGOS" INTO THE FLAMING INFERNO!



AS THE COLOSSI BEND OVER THE YACHT, THEIR HUGE SHADOWS DARKEN THE DECKS LIKE VISIONS IN A NIGHTMARE---



LOTHAR, MEANWHILE, HAS FASHIONED A SPEAR--HE RUNS FULL-TILT AT A GIANT ANKLE--HIS ATTACK HAVING THE PAINFUL EFFECT OF A LARGE MOSQUITO BITE---



THE COLOSSUS SLAPS IRRITABLY AT HIS ANKLE--LOTHAR THRUSTS AGAIN--THE GIANT STAMPS THE EARTH, TRYING TO CRUSH THIS INTREPID MITE UNDER HIS BIG FOOT--LOTHAR SKIPS AND DODGES--KNOWING IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE HE'S STAMPED OUT--



ON THE YACHT, MANDRAKE HAS NOT BEEN IDLE. STICKS OF DYNAMITE ARE BROUGHT FROM THE HOLD. HE SHOUTS TO LOTHAR TO GET AWAY FROM THE GIANTS--

TO BE CONTINUED

## TALKING OF FILMS

By  
Marjorie Beckingsale

### ★ ★ Sign of the Ram

NOT being a follower of astrology, I missed the starry significance of the title of Columbia's drama, "The Sign of the Ram," until the film was well under way.

My interest was more keenly roused by the knowledge that permanently crippled Susan Peters was making a courageous attempt to resume her screen career, interrupted so tragically by an accident several years ago.

In her determination to avoid gaining audience sympathy because she cannot walk, Susan Peters has undertaken a role which makes her appear a most unpleasant young woman, with an outsize possessive fixation.

When we are getting our first glimmerings that Leah St. Aubyn (Susan Peters) is a selfish, dominating woman, it is suggested that her behaviour is influenced by the fact that she is an Arles type, born under the sign of the Ram.

Susan Peters has a sensitive, intelligent face, though she is not beautiful.

She depicts changes of mood from friendly gaiety to brooding menace very easily, and suggests nervous tension more by gesture than by voice.

Alexander Knox, Ron Handell, and Ross Ford are the three men in Leah's life, and Hollywood might well make much better use of the talent of the first two.

Knox, who is middle-aged and doesn't care who knows it, is excellent as Leah's devoted but bewildered husband, and Ron does the little he is given as the family physician with no effort at all.

This film was one of the last in which the late Dame May Whitty played.

As usual, it makes me wonder if she ever gave a poor or careless performance. I doubt it.

The film is at the Lyceum.

### ★ ★ The Pirate

SEVERAL times there has been a definite indication that Hollywood is adopting a tongue-in-cheek attitude towards its mammoth technicolor musicals.

We get all the usual glamor, the songs, and the dances, but there is more than a suggestion that all the goings-on are to be seen but certainly not to be believed.

Following closely on the footsteps of "Summer Holiday" (MGM) and "The Emperor Waltz" (Paramount) comes MGM's gay bit of nonsense, "The Pirate," which stars Judy Garland and Gene Kelly.

I have always thought that Mr. Kelly had a fine twinkle in his eye, and suspected that little Miss Garland wouldn't be above a bit of leg-pulling. Both of them emphasize those impressions.

They are helped by Vincente Minnelli's direction, which has a similar carefree lightness.

In her mythical Caribbean Island home, a hundred or two years ago, a romantic but high-spirited damsel met a happy-go-lucky travelling actor who posed as a famous pirate.

The path of their romance was rocky, and at one stage Judy Garland throws more crockery and furniture about than I have seen since the good old Keystone comedy days.

Both stars sing and dance (Kelly showing particular skill in a spectacular number called "Nina").

Their final song-and-dance scene, "Be a Clown," is refreshingly novel.

This bright film is at the St. James.

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The Australian Women's Weekly—August 28, 1948

The cream of detective and mystery stories appears each month in Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine. 1/- all newsagents.

# OUR PARIS PARADE

Six mannequins wear cr



**YANICK GUICHARD** is glamorous in a high style evening gown and opera cloak by Molyneux. The gown has a lime-green tubular skirt, black shirred top, with huge green flower. Cloak is lined with green with black lace pattern, and is made with voluminous folds and very big bell sleeves falling from sloping shoulders.



**PAULE PAULUS** is elegant in a lilac ottoman made with long torso and folded hipline. It is and the lilac-and-green hat is by Jean



**LOIS ABRAHAMS** is piquant in a shocking-pink and black silk frock by Molyneux. It folds on the hipline into a slight bustle bow.



**MOUNY** shows Georgette Renal's superbly made cotton frock which is in pastel shades and has a double peplum to give hip fullness. Natural panama hat is by Jean Barthet.



**MAYA LEROY** is attractive in Jacques Fath's white afternoon frock made with very full pleating over the hips to give an unusual line. With it she wears a picture hat also by Fath.

# MODES IN PICTURES

Creations by great couturiers



In silk cocktail frock  
is by Maguy Rouff,  
an Barthelemy.



JUDY BARRACLOUGH is charming in a  
navy chiffon dinner frock by Carven,  
shirred into a moulded line in the  
bodice. Coarse white lace  
forms removable cap-  
ette held with  
pearl  
blossom.



PAULE wears this  
evening gown made  
by Jean Desses with  
tailored bodice and  
intricately cut skirt  
forming an exagger-  
ated hipline. The belt  
is lime-green, and  
matches the full  
opera cloak.



MOUNY NEUSSBAUM is demure in Marcel Rochas' bridal gown made of silk voile over taffeta  
and encrusted on the bodice with tiny pearls and crystals. Voile forms a high-necked yoke  
with tiny sleeves. Bodice is closely moulded to the figure to give a modified hourglass line with  
its tiny waist and full hipline, from which the full skirt falls in graceful folds. Soft veil  
flares out to elbow length from Juliet cap. Bridal gown makes spectacular finale to parade.

# HOPE had al-

ready picked out the wallpaper and planned the furnishings. The cot would be at the far side, away from the draught. When the baby came the room could be transformed overnight.

She said, "I have the furniture stored out in the garage. I didn't want anyone to know until we were sure."

"I think that's very wise," Miss Burbank said.

Hope swallowed hard. By now her heart seemed to be swelling with resentment and anxiety. She couldn't blame Miss Burbank, she couldn't blame her friends for enjoying themselves, but somehow she must find a quiet place, she must explain the kind of life they were planning for their baby.

"This room has the sun almost all day," she said, leading the way.

But when they reached the room it was a shambles. Coats and sweaters were piled on both beds; half-filled glasses and overflowing ashtrays were scattered over the dressing-table and the bedside table.

But that wasn't all, because Connie Burke was there, too. She was stretched out on the farthest bed, her bare arm flung across her eyes. Her shoes had fallen off, her pretty red hair was spread out on the pillow. She might have been asleep or ill, or just suffering from the effects of alcohol.

Miss Burbank hesitated in the doorway, looking shocked.

"It's Connie. She must be ill," Hope said tonelessly.

"A great pity," Miss Burbank sounded completely unconvinced.

Hope fed the way back down the disordered stairs. Because there seemed to be no alternative, she introduced Miss Burbank to Brad. He shook hands cordially, thinking this plain, unsmiling woman just another guest. "What'll it be?" he asked, with a broad grin. "Cin sling or cocktail?"

Miss Burbank shook her head. "Thank you, I'm afraid I can't stay."

With a dozen people standing around, there was no opportunity for explanations.

"I'll help you find your car," Hope said.

Together they walked down the crowded drive, and Hope made a last effort. She said, "We only give these parties once a year. One actually has to."

## Continuing...The Latecomer

from page 11

with difficulty, "Miss Burbank, is it a boy or a girl?"

"I'd rather not answer that, Mrs. Mason," Miss Burbank said. "In cases like this it's better not to raise false hopes."

"In cases like this," Hope watched the neat, black sedan disappear around a curve. And suddenly she hated Connie Burke more than anyone else in the world. If it hadn't been for Connie she might have managed, somehow. She would have had a quiet, persuasive talk with Miss Burbank, explaining the situation. She would at least have had a chance.

She turned and walked back to the house. The smiles and words of greeting had become entirely mechanical by now. She hurried up the stairs and down the hall to the big, square room with the sunshine.

Connie was still stretched out on the bed.

Hope said stonily, "Connie, what's the matter with you, anyhow?"

Apparently the sharpness of her tone was a surprise. Connie sat up and fumbled with her feet for her shoes. She pushed back the clinging red hair and tried to smile. "I'm sorry," she said. "But, Hope, it's so dreadful I'm having another baby."

"A baby!" Hope stared, and that rising tide of resentment was almost past bearing now. "Is that so dreadful?" she asked, not trying to soften the sarcasm in her voice.

Connie said, in a low voice, "That isn't all, Hope. It's Phil. He's started chasing after Brenda Lathrop. If I'm sick and tired all the time, I haven't a chance."

"You mean that you think—?" Hope began. And then she hesitated. Because Connie quite obviously wasn't acting. She really was frightened and miserable because she was going to have a baby.

Connie just didn't know! She'd never had to make applications, or fill out documents or submit to visits of inspection. No one would insist that she provide a proper environment for her child. An environment, for instance, where the father wasn't chasing after Brenda Lathrop.

Finally Hope said, in a low, uneasy voice, "I'm sorry, Connie. I didn't mean to be rude. If there's any way I can help—"

Her voice trailed off. People were coming down the hall.

The rest of the party was a blur

of farewell, of standing on the front steps, waving, shaking hands, smiling endlessly. When they were finally alone, Brad wandered around, emptying ashtrays and gathering up glasses. Hope didn't tell him about Miss Burbank. He was pleased with the party, and in any case it was no use telling him now.

Hope slept very little, and the next morning she was tired. But she dressed carefully in a tan suit and white blouse, and at ten she got in the car and drove into town to go and see Miss Burbank. She tried to keep her thoughts suspended, she had to keep calm. The adoption people didn't want emotional, unbalanced parents.

She had to wait almost an hour for her interview. She thumbed through magazines, holding her thoughts in readiness. Finally she found herself in a cheerful room talking across a desk to Miss Burbank. She managed a smile. She said, "That was certainly an unsatisfactory visit, Miss Burbank. I wish you'd come out again this afternoon and have a chance to get to know me and my husband."

Miss Burbank glanced at her watch, but her smile wasn't unkind. She said, "Our inspection visits are purposely unplanned. You must realise that with us the welfare of the child always comes first."

"Of course!" Hope was beginning to feel desperate. She had no arguments really, except the knowledge that was in her heart. She said, "We don't give parties often. We want a family life. Two or three children and a real home."

Miss Burbank nodded sympathetically. She said, "You haven't been on our lists long, Mrs. Mason. I'm quite sure that in time—"

### Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper. Short stories should be from 2500 to 5000 words; articles up to 1200 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

"But I want that one. The one you said you had in mind!" Hope could hear her voice rise with anxiety, and she knew that was a mistake.

"We're still undecided; I'm sure I made no promises."

Hope could see, behind Miss Burbank's smile, the closing of a door. She could almost imagine Miss Burbank thinking: "She protests too much; she's over-anxious. And that house was no place for a child!"

Miss Burbank stood up. She said, "These interviews are always difficult, Mrs. Mason. You must try to realise the position we are in."

It was a dismissal, and she had to take it that way.

Outside, Hope sat for a moment in her car. When she lit a cigarette her hands were trembling. Perhaps that gave her the idea, for she drove straight to Connie Burke's house.

Connie looked pale and tired. She said, in surprise, "Hope! How nice!"

Hope swallowed her resentment. She said, "Connie, I was going to ask you if you would do something for me."

"Me? Why, of course."

Connie looked interested and curious. She wasn't a close friend, and Hope hadn't told even her closest friends that she was trying to adopt a baby. Some inner pride and reserve had kept her silent. But now she tore them to shreds.

"Connie, no one knows this," she said, "but Brad and I want to adopt a baby. We've had our application in for over a year. We have everything ready, too—"

She hesitated. Connie was looking sympathetic and a little smug. And of course that was an inevitable reaction from people who had children of their own. Finally Hope said, "We had bad luck. A woman came for an inspection visit yesterday afternoon. She saw the party, and she saw you up in our room."

"Oh, Hope!" Connie didn't look smug any more. She said, "I must have been a sight! She must have thought—"

"I don't know what she thought. But it didn't help matters any."

Connie looked shocked. "You mean you're not going to get the baby because of me?"

"She might have refused anyhow, of course. But we would have had a chance."

"And here I was waiting about my troubles," Connie stood up. She



"Agnes, did you leave the front door open?"

said uneasily, "Why didn't you tell me?"

"By then it was too late." "A fine friend I am! And you have such a perfect home for children."

"There's no way to prove that now," Hope said.

"We can tell them. I can tell them; all your friends can."

"That's what I was going to ask you to do," Hope said quietly. "If you went to Miss Burbank and explained to her; it might do no good, but it's a chance."

Connie's face was very soft now. "Don't you worry, Hope," she said. "I'll manage your Miss Burbank." She added earnestly, "Hope, don't look so upset. I feel—well—Phil is going to be crazy about this baby. It'll come out all right; everything will. Believe me."

"All right," Hope said uncertainly, and drove home feeling dazed with fatigue and the inner tension of suspense.

She straightened the house some more, wandering restlessly from room to room, but it all made her think too much of the party. When Brad came home she still couldn't tell him about Miss Burbank.

She went upstairs early, and was in bed reading a book when the telephone rang.

Brad answered it, and talked quite a while. Then he came bounding up the stairs. He stood at the foot of the bed.

"That was the adoption people, Hope," he said. "They have a baby for us. We're supposed to go and pick him up to-morrow. It's a boy."

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# Society at Gala Premiere



**CLASSICAL** black frock worn by Mrs. Noel Vincent, who is dancing with her husband. She added a three-strand string of pearls, drop earrings, and pinned an orchid to her frock.

**SOCIAL** Sydney was well represented at the gala premiere of our Paris Fashion Parades. To the sound of soft music the mannequins walked between the tables and paraded on the dance floor so that everyone had a splendid view. Glorious gowns and furs worn with wonderful jewels by guests vied with fashions.



**GAY PARTY.** Mr. Lennox Bode (left) chats with Mrs. Hector McCowan, Peter Reid, Mrs. Dinah Meeks, and his wife, Mrs. Lennox Bode, in supper interval at The Australian Women's Weekly Paris fashion parade premiere at Prince's.



**ORGANISED PARADES.** Mrs. Mary Hordern, our fashion editor, who went to Paris to arrange the parades, wore a Jean Dessès model of camellia-pink braided in black cord and sequins, and pinned a diamond spray on the corsage. She is standing in front of some of the special decor designed for the parades.



**DODGING SPOTLIGHTS.** Mrs. Claude Healy, Mrs. Audrey Winter Irving, and Mr. Ward Booth, who are in large party, try to dodge spotlights which are used on mannequins as they walk between the tables.



**PARIS SHOP WINDOW.** Mr. and Mrs. Dick Curran stop to look in the "shop window" which was part of the decor of Prince's.



**DANCING.** Mrs. Eric Pratten wears glorious evening gown when she dances with Rick Larkin on dance floor at Prince's. Mr. and Mrs. Pratten's party included Mrs. Graham Pratten, Mr. Larkin, and Mr. Bobbie Brash.



**ON DANCE FLOOR.** Mr. and Mrs. Reggie Gaskell say "hello" to Mr. Hector McCowan. Jocelyn wore a lovely gown of pale blue satin.



**EARLY ARRIVALS** included Mr. and Mrs. Ashley Buckingham. Mrs. Buckingham's frock was fine black lace over pink.



**MINISTER FOR FRANCE** M. Pierre Auge and Madame Auge attend premiere at Prince's with their daughter, Collette, and Madame Auge's sister, Mlle. Jeanne Bartier (right).



**ON THE STEPS** at Prince's. Mrs. Ben Fuller (left), Mrs. Gloria Miller, and Mrs. Fuller's daughter, Pat, arrive for gala premiere at Prince's.

*Picture his  
pleasure!*

ON FATHER'S DAY

SEPTEMBER 5th



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# HEARNE'S

## FOR BRONCHITIS

FOR "GOODNESS" SAKE  
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STOP COUGHING!!

## COUGHS & COLDS



**1 WARTIME MEETING** of Clive Heath (Melvyn Douglas) and Corporal Joan Clews (Phyllis Calvert), friend of Clive's daughter Corporal Sheila Heath (Wanda Hendrix), starts romance.

## My Own True Love



**3 FAMILY CELEBRATION** is held when Michael, Joan, and Sheila all receive their demobilisation and Joan agrees to marry Clive. She promises to help him with Michael's troubles.



**5 MISUNDERSTANDING** between Clive and Joan arises when Clive sees Michael kiss her on sudden impulse in gratitude for her sympathy. Joan angrily breaks her engagement to Clive.



**2 ARRIVAL** home of Clive's son Michael (Philip Friend) after several years as Japanese P.O.W. is welcomed by Clive and Joan, though Michael has become moody.

THE story, by Yolanda Foldes, is set in England, though Paramount made the film in Hollywood.

It marks Phyllis Calvert's first picture for the studio under her five-year contract. English actor Philip Friend makes his Hollywood debut. Compton Bennett, who directed "The Seventh Veil," went to America specially to direct "My Own True Love."



**4 ON COUNTRY HOLIDAY** Joan tells Clive about her own first marriage to a temperamental artist which had ended after their return from life in Europe.



**6 EXPLANATION** is made by Michael to his father, and when Clive announces he is leaving England on a new job they persuade Joan to alter her decision.

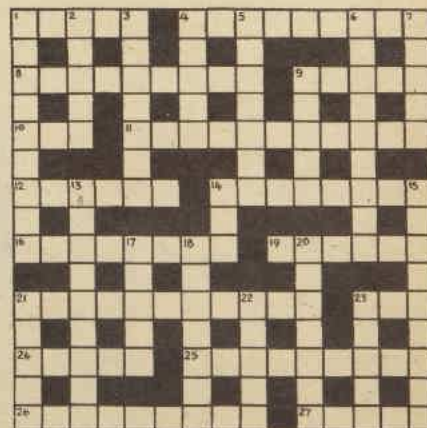
## CROSSWORD No. 4

### ACROSS

- Met to meet a sacred cantata (5)
- The addressee will take an evening meal with a door-keeper (9)
- This criminal turned and put in a herring (8)
- The crime of B across is to take people by the foot (5)
- A title is the desire of its heart (3)
- Committed crime, for instance, according to a pet renegade editor (11)
- It's in a legal document really (6)
- A follower of the woman who may be found in a small hollow (8)
- Ornamental weaving is the material for arty pets (8)
- Injure the woman's heart the cat (8)
- A half is bone (anagram) (describes modern girdles?) (11)
- Muscular twitch (3)
- Discourage a relative who follows the pence (5)
- The dish to serve for a festivity at nine with tea included? (9)
- Houses met in tangled wild glens (9)
- Are put on a confederate to complete recovery (5)

### DOWN

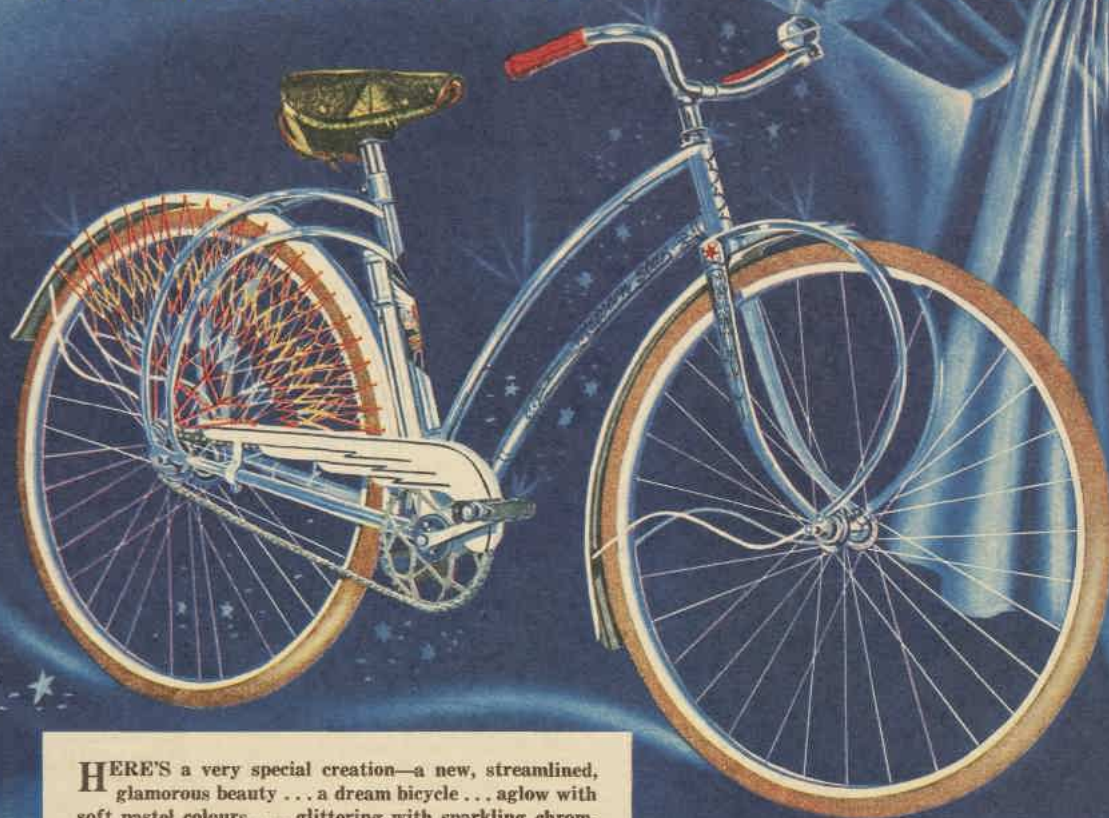
- Produce and move about as a temporary arrangement (9)
- A royal line you'd place in decay turned up (5)
- Ram pelt (anagram) (7)
- He is often seen on the stage as a 4 across, especially when wine is omitted (5)
- Indicate the future harbour at last (7)
- Entertain the fellows to tea, for medical reasons of course (9)
- When taxed see red at its contents (5)
- Number on ram pelt (5)
- The editor put up with father on the lee in certain combine to remove grass from the land (9)
- Many have no capital and get some (3)
- The traitor's art and are taken in by a schoolmaster, why it's the limit (9)
- Skil art without a garment? (5)
- Discoverer of X-rays (7)
- Disturbed leer can be less dirty (7)
- Lost colour (5)
- Willy's parliamentary business? (5)
- Austria - live! (Test its heart) (5)



Prizes of £10, £5, and £3 will be awarded for first, second, and third correct solutions opened. Mark your envelope Crossword No. 4 and address to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4082W, G.P.O., Sydney. Entries for crossword No. 4 will close Sept. 6, prizes announced and solution given on Sept. 25.

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L48/6



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# I'm a Stranger in Town Myself

Continued from page 13

**D**R. FISHER kept following him from bureau to closet and back again as Martin dressed.

"I couldn't get accommodation," he said. "If you don't mind, Vincent, I'll make my headquarters here in your room for the day."

"Of course," Martin said.

"I'll expect a call as soon as you have news," Dr. Fisher said. "I'll be waiting here."

Martin nodded unhappily, and escaped along the corridor. It was depressing to start out before breakfast on such a mission, and as he went down in the elevator his hunger reminded him that he had missed dinner the night before. He found a cab in front of the hotel and gave the address of the Duff home on Fifth Avenue.

It was an austere limestone mansion, facing Central Park. He went up the steps and pushed a brass bell button.

The door was opened by a butler, and Martin's nervousness increased. He said, "I want to see Mr. Duff."

"Do you have an appointment, sir?"

"I think so," Martin said. "I'm Mr. Vincent."

"You're expected," the butler said. "This way, please." He led Martin to a door to the left of the entrance and opened it. "Wait in here."

It was a small office, with a window overlooking the park. Martin dropped into a leather chair next to a desk and lighted a cigarette.

He had smoked it to a butt before the door was opened again and Mary Edmonds entered. He rose and smiled, but received no answering smile from her. She went round behind the desk, laid her palms on top of it, and surveyed him. Martin just stood there, feeling quite at a loss under her cold scrutiny.

"What's the price?" she asked at length. "What's what price?" "Please don't fence with me, Mr. Vincent, or whoever you are. Suppose you tell me what you want out of this?"

"I came here to explain the whole thing," he said. "I think I can make Mr. Duff see that it was all an innocent error, if he'll only see me. He left last night before all the facts were known."

"All that interests Mr. Duff is that photograph," Miss Edmonds said. "And the negative, of course."

"I don't have the photograph," Martin began, but the telephone on Miss Edmonds' desk interrupted. She reached for it and he dropped again into the chair.

"Yes," she said. "Yes, I'm ready for the Porthaven call." She looked thoughtfully at Martin as she waited, the receiver at her ear.

"Hello, Dr. Fisher? . . . No, I don't want the acting headmaster. I want Dr. Fisher. . . Oh, he's out of town. This is Miss Edmonds, secretary to Barton Duff. . . Yes, I wanted to ask Dr. Fisher about Mr. Vincent. . . Oh, yes, he turned up, all right. Will you describe him, please?"

She listened, and Martin could follow the description as her eyes travelled over him.

"Yes," she said, "it seems to fit. Thank you." She hung up, and said to Martin, "So you are Mr. Vincent."

"If you let me talk to Mr. Duff," he said. "I can clear this up."

"If Mr. Duff wants to talk to you, he'll let me know," Miss Edmonds said crisply. "Then I'll let you know."

Martin drew in a long breath, clenched his fists. He said angrily, "You're flint-hearted, Miss Edmonds."

"That's my job."

"Do you arrange your personality to suit your job?" He shook his head. "I don't think so. I think you enjoy it. I think you like to make the most of your second-hand power. You get some kind of satisfaction out of it."

"Yes?" She raised her eyebrows thoughtfully.

"Well, look," Martin said. "Why don't you give me a chance to explain? All this isn't my fault. I didn't ask for this assignment, but somebody had to come, because unless something is done for Porthaven the school will close. They picked me because I know something about history, so they dressed me up and sent me up to New York."

"They dressed you up?" A look of interest came into her eyes.

"I never went in for clothes," he said. "I mean, I usually wear tweeds and smoke a pipe, and I parted my hair in the middle until yesterday."

"Is that bad—parting your hair in the middle?"

"I have a cowlick," he explained. "It doesn't show when it's parted on the side. And I never wore a starched collar or carried a stick until yesterday, but they said I was to be sober and industrious and neat, so I did the best I could."

"Did you say sober?" Mary Edmonds smiled.

"I know I had a couple too many," he said, and shrugged. "I told them I'd make a mess of it, and I did, but it shouldn't be held against Porthaven. I think it's only fair to give me a chance to explain the facts to Mr. Duff."

"That's a fine, straightforward statement," said Mary Edmonds. There was irony in her tone, but she avoided his eyes. "Oh, all right!" she said suddenly. "I'll see what I can do. I don't like being called flint-hearted." She rose to her feet. "Come on. We'll try to catch him before the show starts. It's already time for the morning movie."

He followed her out the door, but as she was conducting him up a flight of stairs a voice called from the floor above, "Have you settled it, Mary?"

Mary looked up, saw Barton Duff coming heavy-footed down the stairs. The broad planes of his face were set in a scowl. Martin said: "Mr. Duff, I can explain all this to you."

"Never mind your explanations," Barton Duff said forcefully. "Just hand over that photograph."

"I don't have it, Mr. Duff," Martin said. "I don't know who does."

"I think I know the price of that photograph," said Mr. Duff. "The idea is to close up the Historical Verification Association, isn't it? That's the price of the photograph, isn't it?" He gave Martin a keen glance. "Well, you can go back and tell Mr. Driscoll and all the rest of the cabal that it won't work. The H.V.A. will continue."

"Mr. Duff, believe me, I never saw Barney Driscoll until last night," Martin said. "I never heard of him even. I got into his room by mistake. It's no plot."

Mr. Duff held up his hand.

"Young man, I find it somewhat coincidental that you obtained access to Mr. Driscoll's room, that you found an excuse to send me up there alone, that a young girl was waiting in a state of undress, that a man with a camera was hiding there, and that Driscoll himself walked in to climax the scene." He shrugged his shoulders.

"Possibly I'm unduly suspicious. But I would not be surprised to see the motion picture industry try to stop me, and I think this is an attempt. I will continue to think so until I have that photograph, and the negative, in my hand. If you have anything further to say to me, bring me the photograph, and I'll listen."

The butler opened the door behind Martin and said, "I am ready with the film, Mr. Duff."

"Good," said Barton Duff. Without another word, he passed through the doorway and slammed the door.

To be continued

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# Dress Sense by Betty Keep

THE useful black afternoon dress that is disappointing and requires renovation is the subject of a sketch and a letter this week. Other problems answered should also be of general interest as feminine thoughts turn to spring fashions.

"MY perfectly plain black wool afternoon dress, made with a tight waistline, flared skirt, high-buttoned collarless neckline, and dolman sleeves, has the 'new look,' but it is too tailored for my feminine type. How could I alter it? I have about three yards of good black silk taffeta I could use to trim it."

Trim the skirt of your wool dress with a cascade of finely pleated taffeta ruffles working round the skirt. Have the first ruffle commencing a few inches below the waistline, and each succeeding ruffle increasing in width as it nears the hemline—have five ruffles in all. The idea was recently featured in Paris on a one-piece dress designed by Pierre Balmain.

## Colors with navy

"WHAT colors do you consider look best with navy-blue? I have a navy wool suit made with a short jacket and full skirt, and now would like ideas for accessories in the right colors, and the type of hat I should get. I am 19 years of age."

Navy takes all the obvious colors, such as red, white, or chamamois. It also takes gold jewellery and a lovely new blue-green color, more green than blue and more light in tone than dark. You might, for instance, wear a side-swept beret or pillbox in navy felt, red shoes (colored shoes will be news in the spring), chamamois gloves, and a red bag. Wear bright gold earrings, and round your neck a twisted gold-colored chain. Or you might have bag, gloves, and shoes all navy, and wear a blue-green velvet beret and matching velvet cravat.



GRADUATED TIERS of frills as a renovation for a plain black dress.

## Trousseau nightgown

"AS I cannot find a pretty design for a warm nightgown I thought I would write to you for advice. The only really warm styles obtainable are not glamorous enough for a trousseau."

Finding a suitable material will present the only real problem about the nightgown design for your trousseau. If you can find it, a sheer wool in a pastel shade would be delightful. If not, a closely woven rayon will probably provide sufficient warmth if the design is styled with a high neckline and long sleeves. For the design itself I suggest a tucked yoke outlined with a

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

ruffle of net, a similar ruffle to finish the neckline, cuffs, and hemline. Have the skirt cut with plenty of fullness, and the gown tied at the natural waistline with a self material sash.

## Filled-in neckline

"WOULD you advise me about a spring fashion problem? I have made myself a beige woollen day dress with a very deep U-shaped neckline, and though the dress looks smart in the house it is far too bare-looking for street wear. How could I fill in the neck? I would also like a suggestion for the correct colored hat and accessories."

A trimly tailored white pique "dicky" would be an appropriate fill-in for the neckline of your beige dress—and smart, too. In Paris, the spring dress collections featured white lingerie touches practically as a "must." Have the "dicky" made detachable for washing and you can still wear the dress minus the fill sometimes.

Your shoes and handbag (tan, gloves could also be white—if possible, white pique to match the "dicky" front. Repeat the white pique for a slick little beret, and be sure you wear it straight and flat on the head.

# Fashion FROCKS

Designs illustrated are obtainable either ready to wear or cut out ready to sew. Please make second color choice.

"MYNETTE." A smart between-seasons suit. The material is a printed shantung in colors of maize with cherry, grey, and white; aqua with cherry, grey, and white; rose with aqua, grey, and white; saxe with cherry, grey, and white. Collar and cuffs are trimmed with white pique.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 29/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 84/3. Postage, 1/9s extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 66/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 71/3. Postage, 1/9s extra.

"BEATRICE." All-occasions one-piece frock. The material is printed shantung. Colors are maize with green, grey, and white; grey with yellow, navy, and rose; string with grey, green, and white; green with rose, black, and white; saxe with rose, navy, and green.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 65/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 69/9. Postage, 1/9s extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 53/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 54/11. Postage, 1/9s extra.

SEND your orders for Fashion Frocks (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our office in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post.

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Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.  
Box 481G, G.P.O., Perth.  
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.  
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)



"HARRIET." Pretty and practical frock for maternity wear. The material is floral printed rayon crepe in tonings of pale green, pink, white, and blue; pale blue, cyclamen, deep blue, and green; deep rose, pastel green, mid blue, and grey; pale pink, cyclamen, blue, and green.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 75/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 79/11. Postage, 1/9s extra.  
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 62/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 65/9. Postage, 1/9s extra.

The Australian Women's Weekly—August 28, 1948



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# Beauty and Logic

By CAROLYN EARLE, Our Beauty Expert

● Ancient Greeks revered Hygieia as the goddess of health and personification of beauty, believing these qualities inseparable.

THEY declared that health was manifest in a beautiful complexion, sparkling eyes, shining hair, and in the graceful carriage of the body.

Cultivation of beauty and health is still a topic of real interest to most women, but beauty-building notions undertaken without expert advice and clear understanding can be useless, even harmful.

In order to develop clearer understanding the following points have been selected for discussion, from readers' problems.

There are many types of the female figure, and dieting or any other treatment will not transform one into another which happens to be more fashionable.

A woman classified as a big girl in her teens later often covets a willowy form, which she could never attain because bone structure, height, and normal weight make such proportions impossible.

Women have had more nonsense foisted on them (with their own connivance) on the subject of dieting and removing excess poundage than in any other form of beauty treatment.

If fat is caused by a glandular condition, only a doctor knows what treatment should be given.

If certain foods are observed to add poundage and inchange when they are least welcome, it is a good plan to eat them sparingly.

A well-balanced diet, generally speaking, is three meals daily, with normal servings of meat, vegetables, and sweets.

To eat sparingly all day and then to have a large meal in the evening, overweighted with sweets, for instance, is not sensible, and often defeats its own purpose.

The comforting reflection that fatty tissues can be wafted away with massage only is also misleading.

Special exercise and massage are both helpful, but unless they are accompanied by a proper diet they merely improve circulation and feeling of well-being, and, alas, often increase the appetite.

Any abundance of sugar, starch, or alcohol will be fattening. Alcohol is as fattening as the richest dessert.

Diets that limit people to one kind of food should not be undertaken unless ordered by a doctor. Although milk is almost a perfect food, milk alone is not sufficient to maintain the human body, which requires bulk for efficient functioning.

A properly balanced diet will not put on extra pounds, but will maintain health and improve appearance.

Weight removed in Turkish baths and steam-cabinets is merely water evaporated, and, while the scales register a comforting three or four pounds less at the end of the treatment, food and drink will replace it in 24 hours or so, because most food contains a percentage of water.

Good health puts plenty of sparkle into the eyes, but it doesn't erase wrinkles from the sides. But remember the old admonition, even if you don't follow it slavishly—"Never touch your eye but with your elbow." Eye skin is delicate and calls for a thistledown touch. When applying soothing preparations to the eyelids, never pull or rub them.

Spread creams on upper lids with an out-to-the-temple motion, and on the lower ones towards the nose. If this can't be managed without stretching the skin, cream should be patted in lightly.

Eye exercises prescribed by a qualified person are often beneficial to eye conditions, but as the muscles that move the eyeball do not affect the muscles of the eyelids, these exercises are useless as a beauty treatment. The eyes could be rotated from now until Christmas, and merely make the rotator a little dizzy.

Simple eye care, such as regular bathing, rest, and the gentle smoothing on of a soft cream, or the placing of cool compresses over the lids, is safe and helpful.

Your hair is often a barometer of physical condition, and if it acts unnaturally, is thin, falls out excessively, and does not seem itself, something constructive should be done right away by a qualified person.

While not necessarily alarming, the sensible idea is to have your doctor give you an overhaul.

Hairdressers are not specialists in the medical sense, and it is neither fair nor feasible to rely for special ills on such sources.

Almost everyone has experienced the time when, after sickness, the hair seems to lose all its lustre and body. Even ordinary fatigue or periods of worry and excitement can cause hair to become suddenly oily, or to change in texture very quickly.

Generally an improvement of the over-all plan of care and attention goes more than half-way in remedying such temporary upsets.

If it's a home undertaking, time should be given to learning something about the problem and a definite plan worked out for dealing with it.

Otherwise, arrange some reconditioning treatments with your hairdresser, who is well equipped to bring about speedy results.



BEAUTY that commands admiration to-day is graceful, poised, and superbly soigné.

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skirts one better!



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**NYLEX TOOTHBRUSH**

## Pimples and Bad Skin Attacked In 24 Hours

Since the discovery of Nixoderm by an American physician it is no longer necessary for anyone to suffer from ugly, disgusting and disfiguring skin blemishes such as Pimples, Rash, Ringworm, Pustulosis, Acne, Blackheads, Scabies and Red Itches. Don't let a bad skin make you feel inferior and cause you to lose your friends. Clear your skin this new scientific way.

### A New Discovery

Nixoderm is an ointment, but different from any ointment you have ever seen or felt. It is a new discovery, and is not greasy but feels almost like a powder when you apply it. It penetrates rapidly into the pores and fights the cause of surface skin blemishes. Nixoderm contains 9 ingredients which fight skin troubles in these 3 ways: 1. It fights and kills the microbes or parasites often responsible for skin disorders. 2. It stops itching, burning and smarting in 7 to 10 minutes, and cools and soothes the skin. 3. It helps nature heal the skin clear, soft, and velvety smooth.

### Works Fast

Because Nixoderm is scientifically compounded to fight skin troubles, it works fast. It stops the itching, burning, and smarting in a few minutes, then starts to work immediately, clearing and healing your skin, making it softer, whiter and velvety smooth. In just a day or two your

mirror will tell you that here at last is the scientific treatment you have been needing to clear your skin—the treatment to make you look more attractive, to help you win friends. Nixoderm has brought clearer, healthier skins to thousands, such as Mr. Bob Weedon, Edmund Street, Fremantle, who writes: "I was troubled with pimples ever since I was 12, and have spent pounds and pounds on so-called cures without result. I then tried Nixoderm with astounding effect. The pimples seemed to fade away, and after a week there was not the slightest trace of them."

### Satisfaction Guaranteed

Get Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day. Look in the mirror in the morning and you will be amazed at the improvement. Then just keep on using Nixoderm for one week and at the end of that time it must have made your skin soft, clear, smooth and magnetically attractive—must give you the kind of skin that will make you admired wherever you go, or you simply return the empty package and your money will be refunded in full. Get Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day. The guarantee protects you.

**Nixoderm 2/- & 4/-**

For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch



## JUST FOLLOW THE RECIPE

Says Marjory Carter, "Aerophos" Cookery Expert

### HOT AMERICAN BISCUITS

1 lb. Self-Raising Flour containing "Aerophos"  
 1 level teaspoonful salt  
 Shake of cayenne  
 1 level teaspoon mustard  
 3 oz. butter  
 1 desertspoonful finely chopped onion  
 1 egg  
 1 1/2 cups milk

Sift flour, salt, pepper and mustard. Rub in butter and add onion. Mix to a soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, roll to 1/2 inch thickness and cut into shapes. Bake in hot oven (450 deg. F) for 15 minutes. Serve hot with creamed tripe, rabbit, chicken or fish.

**TRIPE A LA CRÈME.** Blanch 1 lb. tripe in boiling water, rinse, cut into small squares. Place in pan with 2 or 3 sliced onions, 1 teaspoon salt. Cover with hot water, simmer 1 1/2 hours. Drain off 1/2 water and add same quantity of milk. Thicken with 1 heaped tablespoon flour. Correct seasoning to taste. A beaten egg may be added. Top with chopped parsley.



Here's a star-spangled cookery combination from the U.S.A., warm and American as Thanksgiving—so let's celebrate! Try it. And make those biscuits really something! Choose your self-raising flour wisely. Be sure it contains "Aerophos," Australia's finest raising ingredient.

Look for the "A & W" seal or the word "Aerophos" on the packet. It's your guarantee that the self-raising flour contains only "Aerophos" as its raising ingredient.



# "AEROPHOS"

*The Self-Raising Ingredient*

USED IN ALL LEADING BRANDS OF  
 SELF-RAISING FLOUR AND BAKING POWDER

The Australian Women's Weekly — August 28, 1948

# Braised for tenderness

● Long gentle simmering in well-flavored gravy makes cheaper cuts of meat tender and delicious.

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

USE a covered casserole for oven-cooked braised meats and a tightly lidded saucepan if cooking on top of the stove.

If a saucepan is used, it is wise to place an asbestos mat under it to keep the gravy at simmering point only. It should not boil.

The addition of macaroni, spaghetti, a small quantity of rolled oats, or dumplings helps to stretch small quantities of meat to make a more satisfying dish.

Careful seasoning is important—taste before serving.

## SPICED STEAK WITH PARSLEY DUMPLINGS

Two pounds blade steak, 1 teaspoon grated nutmeg, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 cups water, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 6 or 7 small white onions, wedges of carrot.

Trim steak, cut into 1½ in. squares. Combine nutmeg, sugar, salt, pepper, and flour. Rub thoroughly into meat. Place in casserole, add water, vinegar, and sauces. Cover closely, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 1½ to 2 hours. Remove lid, add whole onions and carrot wedges, cover again, and cook a further 1

to 1 hour. Add dumplings for last 25 minutes of cooking time.

**Parsley Dumplings:** One cup self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 tablespoon margarine or good clean fat, 1 dessertspoon coarsely chopped parsley, 1 cup milk.

Sift flour, salt and cayenne pepper; rub in shortening. Add parsley. Mix to a soft dough with milk. Shape into 6 or 7 small balls, rest on top of meat—do not allow dumplings to settle in the gravy. Cook 25 minutes with lid on casserole.

## BRAISED RABBIT CREOLE

One rabbit, 1 heaped dessertspoon fat, 1 tablespoon flour, 2½ cups water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 onion, 2 tomatoes, 1 green apple, 1 cup diced celery, pinch of allspice, pinch of

pepper, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, vinegar, or dry sherry, chopped parsley.

Wash rabbit well, remove tail joint, soak 1 hour in salted water. Cut into joints, dry well. Coat with flour, brown thoroughly in hot fat. Add water and salt, stir until boiling. Lift rabbit pieces into ovenware dish. To gravy add sliced onion, peeled diced apple, skinned sliced tomato, celery, allspice, pepper, lemon juice, vinegar or sherry. Pour over rabbit in casserole. Cover and cook in moderate oven (350deg. F.) 1½ to 2 hours. Sprinkle with chopped parsley before serving.

**SPICED STEAK** with parsley dumplings makes a wholesome and satisfying dinner dish. Tiny whole onions and carrot wedges are added 1 to 1 hour before serving—dumplings go in 25 minutes before end of cooking time.

## BRAISED POCKET STEAK

Two pounds topside steak, 4 or 5 tiny white onions, 1½ to 2 cups breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon melted margarine or butter, salt, pepper, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, pinch herbs, milk to moisten, 1 dessertspoon fat, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 cups water, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Simmer onions in boiling salted

water until tender, drain. Combine breadcrumbs, melted margarine or butter, salt, pepper, parsley, herbs, moisten with milk. Add drained onions. Cut a deep pocket in steak, fill with the seasoning, sew up or skewer firmly. Brown well on all sides in hot fat, remove. Add flour and brown; stir in water, vinegar, sauces. When boiling turn into casserole, add meat. Cover and cook gently in moderate oven 1½ to 2 hours. Serve in slices.

## Six progress prizes in our £2000 cookery contest...

EVERY week during the progress of our wonderful £2000 Cookery Contest, six prizes of £5 each are awarded for good recipes.

These prizewinning recipes remain eligible for the final judging and stand the chance of winning first prize of £25 in their respective classes.

See further details of our £2000 Cookery Contest on page 34.

N.B.: All measurements are level in these prizewinning recipes.

### BROWNED STEAK WITH LIMA BEANS

One and a half pounds blade or round steak, 1 tablespoon fat, 2 small onions, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 pint stock or water, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon herbs (or sprig of parsley, thyme, marjoram), 1 cup lima beans (soaked overnight in hot water to cover), 3 skinned tomatoes, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Trim steak, cut into 1½ in. cubes. Brown lightly in hot fat. Remove, add sliced onions and flour, brown. Stir in stock or water, sauces, salt, pepper, herbs. When boiling return meat to gravy, add drained beans. Turn into ovenware dish, add sliced tomatoes. Cover and cook in moderate oven (375deg. F.) approximately 2 hours. Sprinkle with chopped parsley before serving.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. C. B. Coulson, Mail Service 670, Gayndah, Qld.

### GOLDEN DATE AND NUT PUDDING

Four ounces self-raising flour, 3oz. margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup chopped dates, 1 egg-yolk, 1 cup cold water, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 1 cup hot water, 1 extra dessertspoon butter.

Rub shortening into sifted flour; add sugar, lemon rind, nuts, and dates. Mix to a soft dough with beaten egg-yolk and water. Place hot water into an ovenware dish, drop mixture into water a spoonful at a time until half mixture is used. Trickle half the golden syrup over, add balance of mixture a spoonful at a time. Top with balance of syrup, dot with butter. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 35 to 40 minutes. Serve hot. This pudding makes its own butterscotch sauce as it cooks.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. G. Duncombe, Yarrara Rd., Pymble, N.S.W.

### CRUMBLE-TOP CARAWAY CAKE

Four ounces margarine or butter, 1 cup sugar, few drops vanilla, 2 eggs, 1½ cups self-raising flour, 2 dessertspoons caraway seeds, 1 cup milk.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar and vanilla. Add beaten eggs a little at a time, mixing well. Add caraway seeds. Fold in sifted flour alternately with milk, mixing lightly to a soft consistency. Divide mixture into 2 well-greased bar-tins.

**Topping:** Two cups cornflakes, 2 tablespoons raspberry jam or marmalade.

Fold cornflakes lightly into jam, spread over cakes. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F.) 35 to 40 minutes.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Hook, Box 82, Port Augusta, S.A.

### VICTORIAN POSY CAKE

**Cake:** Six ounces margarine or butter, 6oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 4 eggs, 1 tablespoon milk, 1½ lb. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, cochineal, green coloring.

**Butter Icing:** Two cups sifted icing sugar, 1 dessertspoon melted butter, 3 dessertspoons hot water, 1 teaspoon vanilla, green coloring.

**Almond Paste for Flowers:** Four ounces ground almonds, 1½ lb. icing sugar, 1 egg-yolk, few drops almond essence, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon orange juice or sherry, yellow, pink, violet, blue, and orange food colorings.

**Decorations:** Silver or gold paper lace d'oyley, pink and blue baby ribbon.

**Cake:** Cream margarine or butter with sugar and vanilla until soft, white, and fluffy. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Beat in milk. Lightly fold in sifted flour, baking powder, and salt. Divide into 3 portions; leave one plain, color one pale green, one pale pink. Fill into greased 8 in. round cake-tin a tablespoonful at a time, alternating the 3 colors. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 1½ to 1½ hours. Turn carefully on to cake cooler. When cold, ice and decorate as follows:

**Butter Icing:** Place sifted icing sugar into small saucepan. Add melted butter and hot water, mix to a thick, smooth paste. Add vanilla, color green. Warm to pouring consistency over low heat. Cover cake, smooth surface with flexible knife dipped into hot water. Allow to set. Cut centre from d'oyley, place on top of cake, press lightly on to icing.

**Almond Paste Flowers:** Combine ground almonds and icing sugar. Mix to a very stiff paste with egg-yolk, essence, fruit juices. Color one portion pale blue, mould into forget-me-nots. Color another portion pink, mould into roses. Color another portion violet, mould into violets (or use crystallised violets). Color some yellow, mould into marguerites or sweet peas. Arrange rings of flowers on top of cake, pressing lightly into icing. Decorate with bunched bow of ribbon to complete posy effect.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. F. Day, 89 Christmas St., Northcote N16, Vic.

### COCONUT WHIRL COOKIES

Two cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons margarine or butter, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 beaten egg, 1 cup milk, 3 tablespoons jam (raspberry, plum, or apple jelly), 6 tablespoons coconut, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, squeeze lemon juice.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Rub in shortening, add sugar. Mix to a dry dough with beaten egg and milk, reserving a little for glazing. Turn on to floured board,

knead slightly, roll to thin oblong sheet. Combine jam, coconut, lemon rind and juice. Spread over rolled mixture. Moisten edges, roll up, commencing to roll from longest side. With sharp knife cut into 1 in. slices. Place cut side down on greased oven tray, brush tops with balance of egg and milk, sprinkle lightly with a little extra coconut. Bake in a moderate oven (375deg. F.) 12 to 15 minutes. When half cold lift on to cake cooler. Store in airtight tin when quite cold.

Progress Prize of £5 to E. Thornton, 19 Bourke St., Redfern, N.S.W.

### HONEY FIG CAKE

Four ounces margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon honey, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon milk, 1½ lb. flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 3oz. chopped preserved figs, 3oz. seeded raisins, 2oz. blanched almonds.

Cream margarine or butter with honey and sugar. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition; add milk. Mix raisins with figs and chopped almonds, add to mixture alternately with sifted flour, baking powder, and salt. Turn into greased 7 in. cake-tin, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) approximately 1½ hours. Allow to stand in tin a few minutes before turning carefully on to cake cooler. May be left plain or coated with almond-flavored icing and decorated with figs.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Mauch, Redland Bay, via Cleveland, Qld.

He never  
enjoyed his tea...



till he tasted  
**Brisk**  
Lipton's!



"Good?" Why it was like tasting tea for the first time," he cried, savouring that rich Lipton flavour. Housewives all over the country are changing to "brisk" Lipton Tea. "Brisk" is the tea expert's word for the rich, full-bodied flavour that comes from Lipton's skilful blending.

**LIPTON TEA**

Brisk flavour—

NEVER FLAT!



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- CHEESE
- CORNED BEEF AND DICED POTATOES
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- BEEF AND VEGETABLES
- PATE DE FOIE
- POTTED MEATS
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LOOK FOR THE NEW RED BLUE & WHITE LABEL



GROVER SAM says:



Swift products are always good!

SN42.2

## Our Grand £2000 Cookery Contest

● You now have but three weeks left in which to submit your entry for the Grand Champion Prize of £1000 offered for a model food budget and menu plan.

FOR those of you who have not yet submitted an entry for the Grand Champion Prize of £1000 (Section 1), here are a few pointers:

In preparing the food budget and menu plan for a week, remember that you have to provide for a family of four, comprising husband, wife, son and daughter of school age.

You must choose from one of these four amounts on which to base the week's budget: £3, or £3/10/-, or £4, or £4/10/-.

The money is for expenditure on food only—do not include cost of fuel.

There will be no advantage in the choice of any particular sum. Clever use of £3 per week for food will be as valuable in gaining points as the wise use of any of the larger sums.

Having chosen the sum of money on which to base the food budget, proceed as follows:

Set out, clearly, a menu plan for breakfast, lunch, and dinner for seven consecutive days, commencing with Sunday.

Luncheon menus for Monday to Friday should include a packed lunch for the children (for husband, too, if such is usually provided) and lunch at home for yourself—a total of 21 meals plus 5 menus for packed lunches.

When preparing this menu plan give careful thought to the follow-

ing points—the judges will consider them in awarding the £1000 prize:

Best possible use made of amount of money spent on food.

Menus planned to provide correct nutritional balance.

Greatest possible variety provided within the limit of one week's menus.

Provision made for economical use of fuel—e.g., using oven to full capacity, not heating it for one dish only.

Provision made for use of leftovers. Use made of fruit and vegetables in season.

Attention given to local climatic conditions—cold climates call for more heating foods.

To the completed menu plan attach detailed recipes for the meat dish and sweet in each dinner menu (14 recipes in all).

Each recipe must clearly state quantities of ingredients, method of mixing, time for cooking, and approximate number of servings.

Points will be awarded for original, wholesome, practical, economical recipes.

Finally, attach statement giving details of quantities and cost of meat, fish, fruit, vegetables, bread, milk, and groceries which would need to be purchased to provide the meals listed in the menu plan. It is not necessary to give the cost of each meal separately.

If home-grown fruits or vegetables are used, they must be accounted for and costed in the budget at retail prices operating in your district.

### SECTION 2:

#### £1000 in cash prizes for recipes

● Here is your wonderful opportunity to win cash prizes for your best recipes. These prizes will be awarded in the following classes:

##### CLASS 1—CAKES

###### CHAMPION PRIZE, £50

This prize will be awarded for the best cake recipe of whatever type. The recipe which wins this prize will not be eligible for any other prize.

Fruit Cake: First Prize, £25; Second Prize, £5.

Sponge Cake: First Prize, £25; Second Prize, £5.

Novelty Cake: First Prize, £25; Second Prize, £5.

Butter or Substitute Cake: First Prize, £25; Second Prize, £5.

Small Cakes or Cookies: First Prize, £25; Second Prize, £5.

##### CLASS 2—MEATS

First Prize, £25, for best economy meat dish sufficient for family of 2 adults and 3 children. Second Prize, £5.

##### HERE ARE THE GENERAL

ONLY one entry may be submitted for the grand champion prize of £1000. In other sections any number of recipes may be entered.

Competitors may enter in each and every section. Progress prize-winning recipes remain eligible for final prizes in their respective classes.

Recipes to be written clearly on one side of paper only—in ink or typed, not in pencil.

Full name and address (including State) to be signed clearly on each page. Indicate on each page section in which recipe is to be entered.

Exact weights and/or measurements to be given in level cups, tablespoons, and teaspoons—not rounded, heaped, or scant measurements.

Ingredients to be listed accurately in the order in which they are used; directions for mixing and cooking must be clear, complete, and concise.

Points will be awarded for recipes which are original, practical, and economical.

All recipes submitted become the property of The Australian Women's Weekly, which reserves

##### CLASS 3—DESSERTS

First Prize, £25, for best dessert (other than pastry) sufficient for family of 2 adults and 3 children. Second Prize, £5.

First Prize, £25, for best cold dessert (other than pastry) sufficient for family of 2 adults and 3 children. Second Prize, £5.

##### CLASS 4—PASTRY

First Prize, £25, for best savory pie or tart. Second Prize, £5.

First Prize, £25, for best sweet pie or tart. Second Prize, £5.

##### CLASS 5—VARIOUS

Scones, or Tea-cakes, or Nut Roll, or Fruit Roll.

First Prize, £25. Second Prize, £5.

##### RULES AND CONDITIONS

the right to print or publish any of them on payment of 10/6 per recipe.

Contest closes September 18. Results announced in early November.

Address your entries to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Mark the envelope £2000 Recipe Contest.

#### £200 in Consolation Prizes

IN addition to the big final awards, 100 Consolation Prizes of £2 each will be given for recipes chosen from the various sections.

##### £50 EVERY WEEK IN PROGRESS PRIZES

During the progress of the competition six Progress Prizes of £5 each will be awarded for good recipes every week.

These progress prize-winning recipes remain eligible for the final judging.

See this week's Progress Prize awards on Page 33.

## AIR— SUNSHINE— Vitamins

are an inseparable part of your existence. Life depends on air, sunshine, food and vitamins. The latter provide the protective factors in the system, but unfortunately these vitamins do not always exist in your food owing to modern refining methods and for other reasons.

This is why today many people are vitamin starved. They find work irksome—business trying, household work fatiguing.

But there is a way—a natural way—to overcome one of the commonest forms of vitamin deficiency, namely that of vitamin B. Simply sprinkle Bemax—a tablespoonful—over your breakfast cereal or porridge, or take it in a glass of milk.

This pleasant routine makes sure that your system has its maximum daily quota of B vitamins necessary to maintain health and fitness.

Buy Bemax from your chemist or stores and start with Bemax for your breakfast tomorrow morning and every morning.

## BEMAX

Distributors: Fassett & Johnson Ltd.,  
36-40, Chalmers Street, Sydney.  
(A Product of Vitamins Ltd., London)



The secret of light cakes, scones and pastry lies in well sifted flour—always sift three times in a "KANDE" Flour Sifter.

## YOU CAN'T CURE A COLD!

But you can help to prevent yourself from getting one.

Medical science has discovered a vaccine which will give, in most cases, immunity from colds for at least 3 months.

This treatment is known as BACTULES, already proven amazingly effective in Great Britain. In large scale tests with 80,000 people, BACTULES gave positive protection for over three months in the vast majority of cases.

BACTULES are now available in Australia. No injections. Just a simple 5-day self treatment available from all chemists, or write for full details to World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney. BACTULES.

## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 3/- & 1/3.

Sister  
MacDONALD  
with years of  
Infant Welfare  
Centre  
experience,  
says:

"**VEGEMITE** is  
most essential"

"In modern Baby Health care," says Sister MacDonald, "a supply of vitamins is essential, one of the most important being vitamin B, which is found in delicious Vegemite." Kiddies thrive on Vegemite from the age of six months and they love its tastier flavour.

## HEALTHY VEGEMITE CHILDREN

ROBERT  
ANTHES



The son of Mr. and Mrs. Anthes of Shaftsbury Road, Burwood, N.S.W., Robert was 6 years of age on August 3rd. "The Matron at a Child Welfare Centre said to give Robert plenty of Vegemite," Mrs. Anthes says. "I did this and the improvement in his weight and health has been marvellous."



DIANNE  
DUDDY

Dianne's birthday was July 26th, 1944. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Duddy of Carnarvan Street, Hawthorn East, Vic. "I'm glad Dianne likes her Vegemite so much," says Mrs. Duddy, "because the local Infant Welfare Centre told me how necessary it is for growing children."



LYNETTE  
LAING

Five years old on July 29th, Lynette is bubbling over with health and good spirits. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Laing of Croydon Road, Croydon, N.S.W. and Mrs. Laing says: "It has always been easy to get Lynette to eat her Vegemite. She loves its flavour and it has done her so much good."

**Vegemite** — a little does a power of good, because it is:

- ★ Richer in Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> (Aneurin)
- ★ Richer in Vitamin B<sub>2</sub> (Riboflavin)
- ★ Richer in the anti-pellagic factor (Niacin)
- ★ Tastier and costs less.



"There's a *feast for* 4  
in this easy-to-make Kraft Casserole."

says  
**ELIZABETH COOKE**  
Kraft Cookery and  
Nutrition Expert



A tempting challenge to winter-sharpened appetites—Kraft Cheese Vegetable Casserole with Krusto Swirls. Make some tonight with mellow, golden Kraft Cheese—the cheese that's always the same—always creamy smooth, always delicious, and always fresh in its hygienic foil wrapping.



### CHEESE VEGETABLE CASSEROLE WITH KRUSTO SWIRLS

1 cup diced cooked carrot; 1 medium sized onion, shredded; 1 cup cooked beans; 1 cup peas; 3 dessertspoons butter or margarine; 3 tablespoons flour; 1½ cups milk; 8oz. Kraft Cheese, shredded; Salt and cayenne pepper to taste.

Place the well drained vegetables in a casserole or pie dish. Make a sauce by melting the butter in a double saucepan, stir in the flour, then gradually add the milk, shredded cheese and seasoning to taste. Continue stirring until cheese has melted and sauce is smooth. Pour over the vegetables. Cover with Krusto Pastry swirls and bake in a hot oven (425°F.) for 25-30 minutes. Serves four.

### KRUSTO PASTRY SWIRLS

4 oz. Krusto Pastry Mix; 2 tablespoons water; Pinch salt; Little melted butter.

Add the salt to the Krusto and stir in the water to make a medium dough. Turn onto a floured board. Knead slightly and roll lightly to 1 inch thickness. Spread lightly with melted butter or margarine and roll up like a jelly roll. Cut off 1 inch slices and lay on top of casserole.

## KRAFT CHEESE TASTES better because it's BLENDED BETTER

How's this for FOOD value? Ounce for ounce, there's no other basic food to equal cheese for complete, high quality proteins . . . for calcium, phosphorus and other valuable nutrients of milk.

### ECONOMY NOTE:

It costs less to have the exact amount you require cut from the 5lb. loaf at your grocer's.



Listen to "MARY LIVINGSTONE, M.D." Every Monday to Thursday morning in all States

Famous RADIO star

# HILDA SCURR

says: "Horlicks is the most nourishing food drink of all."



Hilda Scurr chooses Horlicks for two very good reasons. She enjoys its delicious satisfying flavour ... and she has proved it to be the most nourishing food drink of all.

Delicious Horlicks builds you up... nourishes the body and the nerves ... induces deep refreshing sleep ... guards against "Night Starvation". Ask for Horlicks and enjoy it during the day as well as before bed at night.

Drink  
**HORLICKS**

the delicious, NOURISHING food drink

Children thrive on Horlicks. Horlicks brings back that lost appetite ... gives children new vitality ... builds them up and strengthens their daily resistance.



EXTERIOR view of Colonel and Mrs. H. A. Cavanaugh's beautifully appointed home at Toorak, Melbourne. The landscaping of garden is delightfully rustic and simple—yet an artistic frame for this attractive home. Stepping stones lead across the lawn to the front door—a change from crazy paths and gravel drives.



## Diversity of color schemes



SON'S BEDROOM. The bed and desk top are unusual—brick-red. School groups and a pennant are arranged above the desk. Lamp has a deep blue shade. Ceiling and walls are white, curtains and carpet mushroom.

ON these pages you see pictures of Colonel and Mrs. H. A. Cavanaugh's attractive home, Macquarie Road, Toorak, Victoria. There is a pleasing diversity in the choice of color schemes to meet the individual tastes of the household.

For instance, Colonel Cavanaugh's dressing-room is in blue and primrose-yellow, with tartan touches. Son Michael's room is dominated by brick-red and white.

The family den on the ground floor—a long, narrow room—has deep green walls, amethyst wing-chairs and curtains.

A complete departure from these strong colors is evidenced in the main bedroom and in the lounge, where pastels are used with enchanting effect.—EVE GYE.



MAIN BEDROOM has delicate mushroom floor and walls; woadwood-blue quilted velvet covers and bedheads. Cross-over curtains are crisp white net. Furniture is antique finished ivory.

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FOR THE TOILET



SOLO EVERYWHERE



DELIGHTFUL SUNROOM has fresh green-and-white color scheme. Wrought-iron furniture is white; chair and settees are covered in forest-green. Floor is green. Attractive window arrangement gives unbroken view of garden.



CORNER OF LOUNGE, with its charming arrangement of antique ivory finished table and matching gracefully curved mirror. Chair is upholstered in regency striped satin fabric. Delicate antique brie-a-brac stands on table.



TWO VIEWS (above) of the front door to the Cavanaughs' home, one taken from the garden showing arched entrance and pergola covered with trailing vines. The interior view, with the front door swinging open, shows beautiful iron grille.



DELICATE COLORING is used in lounge—mushroom carpet, leaf-green satin-covered settees, and curtains to match this lovely shade. Window seats are covered in regency stripes, also one chair as shown in top-right picture. Walls are ivory. Note greenery on mantelshelf.

## Help for nursing mothers

By Sister MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

NURSING mothers usually fall into two groups:

- Those in whom full lactation is established early, so that the baby is assured of a full supply from the third or fourth day.
- Those in whom there is delayed or late lactation, the full supply of breast milk not becoming established for three or four weeks or more.

Do not be discouraged if you fall into the second group, as is often the case.

A complementary feeding will be necessary for a time, but regard this only as a temporary measure, and remember that even a limited

amount of breast milk is beneficial to your baby. Simple local treatment, rest, and proper diet work wonders in establishing a full supply.

A leaflet giving helpful suggestions can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a copy.

N.B.: Practical demonstrations in bathing, cot-making, breast-feeding, etc., are given daily at the above address from 10 a.m. to 12 noon and from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. (Saturdays and Sundays excepted).

## To cheer up the garden

● Spring is nearly here and that means seed sowing and filling up the beds with seedlings, which will brighten the garden after a long winter.

—Says Our Home Gardener

GOOD gardeners who have passed the novice stage prefer to sow seeds in boxes, pans, or open-air beds.

The less expert or the lazy (please note the differentiation) prefer to buy their plants "ready made," for by this means they dodge the difficulties—and the losses.

But when the warmer days roll along and all danger of frosting is over, fill up the seed-boxes with fairly good soil, firm it well, moisten and let drain—and they are ready for the seeds.

Asters and ageratum last a long time in the garden, till it with color—and depart. They're easy to raise from seed, and should be sown generously.

Wilt-resistant Crego asters, American Beauties, Royal Emperors, Californian Giants, Auroras, and Rochester—you can take your pick—are all good.

Ageratum can be obtained as an edging plant (Little Blue Star), as a dwarf (Blue Cap), or tall—and they are all blue—or nearly so.

Snaptagons are regarded mainly as annuals here, because they rarely survive more than one of our summers—and they are subject to several serious diseases. But they come to us in many colors and mixtures, ranging from stumpy little plants to 4ft. giants—if you know the varieties to ask for.

Skipping hurriedly through the list we must include anchusa or Cape forget-me-not. They give you the blues, too, and are very generous while doing it.

Balsams used to be popular, but have slipped back a lot recently, although they are full of color and bloom for many weeks.

Annual Canterbury bells bloom from seed in less than six months—and grow like their biennial brother, but are without the saucer to the cup. They range from white, pink, deep rose, Cambridge-blue, and violet.

Then come candytuft, clartia, larkspur, cosmos, didiscus, annual dimorphotheca, eschscholtzia, gallaria, godetia, gypsophila, hunne-mannia, lupina, mathiola (night-scented stock), margolds of most kinds, mignonette, nemophila, nigella, petunia, phlox, portulaca, scabiosa, statice, and sinningia—they can all be sown in frost-free areas next month.



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# Fashion PATTERNS



## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

### No. 1071.—LAYETTE

Pattern is clearly traced on the material ready to cut out, machine, and then embroider. The material is rayon crepe-de-chine in white, pastel-pink, and blue.

Prices: Frock, 12/11, postage 6½d extra. Carrying Coat, 14/9, postage 6½d extra. Pilehens, 5/11, postage, 4½d extra. Nightdress, 13/11, postage, 6½d extra. Petticoat, 7/3, postage, 4½d extra. Complete Set, 53/3, postage, 1/9½ extra.

### No. 1072.—LITTLE BOY'S SUIT

Sizes 2-8 years. The pattern is clearly traced ready to cut out, machine, and then embroider on plain cotton material. The colors are natural, green, blue, and lemon.

Sizes: 2 years, 18in. length, 8/11. Postage, 6½d extra; 4 years, 30in., 9/9. Postage, 6½d extra; 6 years, 23in., 10/11. Postage, 7½d extra; 8 years, 27in., 11/9. Postage, 8½d extra.

### No. 1073.—ORGANDIE APRON

Pattern is clearly traced ready to cut out and embroider on good quality organdie. Colors are turquoise, shell-pink, sau-de-nil, blossom-blue, and lemon. Lace edging is not supplied.

Price, 9/3. Postage, 6½d extra.

PLEASE NOTE: When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 1071, 1072, and 1073, make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.



F5227.—Tailored tennis frock. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Sizes, 32in. to 36in. bust. Pattern, 1/11.

F5228.—Smartly styled two-piece. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Sizes 32in. to 36in. bust. Pattern, 1/11.

F5229.—One-piece with an embroidered yoke. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Sizes, 32in. to 36in. bust. Pattern, 1/11. Transfer 1/6.

F5230.—One-piece with smooth natural shoulders. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Sizes 32in. to 36in. bust. Pattern, 1/11.

F5231.—Overalls and matching jacket. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Lengths 29in., 31in., 33in., and 37in. (2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 years). Pattern, 1/11.

F5232.—One-piece with contrasting trim. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Sizes 32in. to 36in. bust. Pattern, 1/11.

F5233.—Lace-trimmed blouse. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material and 3½yds. lace edging. Sizes 32in. to 36in. bust. Pattern, 1/8.

TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 29.

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